JOHN BULL
VOL. LXIX 1808

AIR RAIDS! OVER £40,000 CLAIMS PAID

SWAFFER KNOWS THE ANSWERS!

WANTED! PATTERN IN THE PATCHWORK by The EDITOR

...and only a week ago Bill and Mary were squabbling like cats!

It was all about the way she'd washed his shirts. He let off—"shirts like dishrags." She flew at him—"washing costs money." So they sulked for three days till a neighbour told Mary about Triple Test Oxydol—and when she'd made her own triple test with Oxydol, all her washing troubles solved themselves!

Smart Housewife, Mary! She learned how to get brighter washing for half the cost—and you, too, can do the same! **Accept this friendly challenge!** Make the Oxydol triple test yourself... make it against any other washing product on the market! You will prove to yourself, as hosts of other women have done, that Triple Test Oxydol saves you money *and* washes white clothes whiter and coloured clothes brighter. Read, in the right-hand column, all about the Oxydol triple test!

TRIPLE TEST
OXYDOL

You can buy Triple Test Oxydol everywhere: 1/-, 6d, and 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

HERE'S THE EASY OXYDOL TRIPLE TEST

FIRST TEST—LATHER

Test Oxydol for lather. You'll find Triple Test Oxydol dissolves instantly and gives you up to 3 times more lather than you get from old-fashioned soaps! You'll find this rich, long-lasting Oxydol lather easy on your hands, too!

SECOND TEST—ECONOMY

Test just how much work, in actual washing jobs, a packet of Triple Test Oxydol does compared with old-fashioned soaps. Penny for penny you'll find Oxydol does up to twice as much washing, and saves you money hand-over-fist.

THIRD TEST—RESULTS

See what a dazzling wash Triple Test Oxydol gives! Your white clothes actually come out many shades whiter, and your coloured clothes bright and fresh as new with Oxydol! You'll be glad you discovered Triple Test Oxydol.

DOCK-MASTER Prisoner in his room for FIVE YEARS

Helpless Victim of Nerves

MAGNIFICENT RECOVERY DUE TO HIS DOCTOR'S ADVICE TO TAKE DR. CASSELLS TABLETS

Mr. Brizland was, during the Great War, on the important duty of Graving-Dock Master at a famous docks. He worked night and day — until he broke down. His subsequent experience is in this letter :

Eccles, Lancashire.
9th July, 1940.

Dear Sirs,

I had a nervous breakdown and was so ill they could not say if I would get out of bed again. They told my wife I was done for. However, I did get up again, but was so weak and nervous I was afraid of the least sound. I dare not leave the room for almost five years. I tried everything. *I did not know what to do and when my doctor came in one morning I said to him " Is there nothing you can suggest to relieve this terrible feeling ! " He said " Have you never tried Dr. Cassells Tablets ! " I said " No ! " Then he said " Well, give them a trial ! " I at once sent for a 3/- bottle.* After one or two doses I had never known the pleasure of such restful sleep for the last five years, so I continued with them. I began to get about in such good form that people who had seen me so bad wondered. I told them the true story of your Dr. Cassells Tablets. I am 66 years of age now and feel better and stronger than I was 20 years ago.

Yours faithfully,
(*signed*) James Brizland.

Dr. Cassells Tablets build up NERVES, BRAIN and BODY!

If you are weak—ailing—sleeping badly—unable to work, TEST THE QUICK TONIC ACTION OF DR. CASSELLS TABLETS.

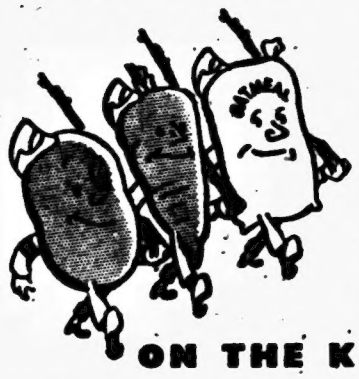
Get a bottle from your chemist today !

TAKE Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS

1/8, 3/5, 5/8 everywhere (including Purchase Tax)

FOOD FACTS

THREE WINTER WINNERS—Potatoes, Carrots and Oatmeal! Three foods to help you resist infection, to build up your strength and to give you energy to cope with wartime troubles! Supplies are plentiful, so eat some of each every day.



ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

?uiz

1. Carrots contain Vitamin A. How does this help you to get home safely at night?
2. How much potato do you lose when you peel it?

Potato and Corned Beef Pancake

When you are offered corned beef instead of your usual cut of meat, do you know how to make it into a substantial dish? The great point is to keep it moist and utilise its fat to the best advantage. Here is a suggestion from America.

Mix lightly 1 breakfastcupful of chopped corned beef with the same quantity of diced cooked potatoes, and season with pepper and salt. Pour into a pan ½ to 1 gill milk or household stock and a teaspoonful or so of clarified fat or dripping. When warmed, turn in the meat and potatoes, spreading them evenly. Flick another two teaspoonfuls of fat over the top. Place a plate over the pan and allow the pancake to cook quite slowly for about half an hour. A thick delicious crust will form on the bottom. Fold the pancake across and serve it up on a hot dish with sprouts or any other cooked green vegetable.

"Traffic Lights" Vegetable

Carrots and sprouts are good vegetables to serve together. Scrape and slice some carrots and prepare and slice an equal quantity of sprouts. Steam them together until tender (about 15 minutes) sprinkling them with a little salt. If possible, toss with a teaspoonful of margarine before serving.

Pigs in Clover

For this wholesome and economical dish you will need 6 medium, well-scrubbed potatoes, 6 skinned sausages and some cabbage. With an apple corer, remove a centre core lengthways from each potato and stuff the cavity with sausage meat. Bake the potatoes in the usual way and serve on a bed of lightly chopped, cooked cabbage.

Honey Oatmeal Buns

These nourishing buns are extremely popular in most homes. Try them on your family. This recipe makes 18 medium-sized or 12 larger buns.

Sift 4 ozs. white flour; 1 heaped teaspoonful baking powder and some salt. Then rub in 2½ ozs. margarine or clarified cooking fat. When evenly mixed, add 4 ozs. fine oatmeal and a level teaspoonful ground ginger. Mix a little beaten-up egg with 3 dessertspoonfuls honey (loosened by slight warming if necessary) and mix to a stiff consistency with a fork. You may need a little milk here. Divide the mixture into roughly piled heaps. Bake in a hot oven for quick rising; then reduce the heat slightly for crisp, even browning. The whole baking should take about 20 minutes.

ANSWERS
1. It helps you to see in the dark.
2. About a quarter (yes, really!). So you see how important it is to *scrub* potatoes, not peel them.

Do you listen to the Radio Kitchen Front at 8.15 every morning?

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THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

SMOKERS' 'FUR' IS IT RUINING YOUR TEETH?

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth, do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it — Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid tonight. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES. Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her'. You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness. Sold everywhere. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Make your own Cough Mixture

For Children and Adults.

No other remedy gives quicker relief in the case of Coughs and Colds than this simple recipe, which can be made at home very easily.

It contains ten separate medicinal ingredients, but you can get them all concentrated together in exactly the right proportions by asking your chemist for 1 ounce of Parmint (Double-Strength). You pour the Parmint into half a pint of hot—not boiling—water and you have the best cough and cold remedy you ever tried. If you have a little sugar or any sweetening syrup to spare, you can add this while it is warm. Dosage is one tablespoonful for adults, one dessertspoonful for children 8–12 years, one teaspoonful for children 4–7 years; to be taken four times a day.

From the first dose you feel relief, the cough is checked and it clears the stuffed-up passages of the nose, throat and chest like magic. It is particularly good for children because they love its pleasant taste.

From sweetshops everywhere
per 2 oz. 6d. (Including Purchase Tax)

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, February 8, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them ; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

OIL SLUMP

● Not true that Nazis engineered the Rumanian riots!

Anything that disturbs the flow of oil and wheat from Rumania is highly disagreeable to them.

That flow is being dammed, moreover, by other causes.

The recent earthquake did far more damage to oil wells and pipe lines than was suspected at the time.

Sabotage is spreading, the people are still pro-Allied.

Behind the riots was simply discontent at Ribbentrop's gift to Hungary of a large slice of Rumania.

Resentful Iron Guards couldn't come into the open and fight Germany. They merely accused each other of being pro-German and therefore responsible for the Ribbentrop deal.

Trouble is not yet over. Why, then, hasn't Germany marched in and taken over the whole country?

Hitler now realises, perhaps, that to seize a country and to govern it easily are two different things.

Besides, Stalin is watching closely.

Ribbentrop's birds are coming home to roost.

Straight from the Shoulder

NEXT MOVE IS UP TO US

BUSIEST phase of the war has begun.

Hitler is preparing for a grand slam.

While he prepares, Wavell is already covering the Italian Empire with the sands on which it was built.

Home Front is being formed on a full war basis.

Wheels Are Turning

Britain's arms production reaches a record output.

We are now starting to benefit from long-range plans created months ago. Only starting, mind you.

Greatest task is to accelerate the process.

We must try to secure maximum production in minimum time.

It's Worrying Him

So Mr. Bevin has become "the statesman in a hurry."

Mr. Hitler, equally in haste, may well be flustered.

He dare not wait until our maximum effort is strengthened by the tremendous production of the United States.

For the war potential of the two democracies is FIVE TIMES GREATER THAN GERMANY'S.

Ready for the Japs

Mr. Roosevelt is leaving nothing to chance

Troops from hot dry Southern States are learning to fight in the frozen wastes of Alaska.

Aircraft are being planned to land on snow or ice.

Just in case Hitler may persuade Japan to hamper "Aid for Britain" by declaring war on the U.S.A.

Part of Alaska is only 35 miles from Asia.

U.S. Not Yet Ready

American industry is not yet ready for Hitler. It is suffering from the same troubles that until recently hampered Britain.

Particularly, there is a grave shortage of machine tools.

Therefore, even though "Aid for Britain" is increasing daily, it cannot reach decisive proportions before Britain meets Germany's last and biggest offensive.

It s the Only Way

We must still help ourselves. That is the purpose of Bevin's vast new call-up.

Employers and T.U.C. are solidly behind him.

If the whole country co-operates, it will not merely remove the necessity for compulsion.

It will provide the weapons to defeat Hitler's Spring onslaught.

It will assure us of victory.

It will hasten victory.

Discretion, Please

Discretion must be used in the call-up. We think it will be.

Mothers with young children should not be conscripted for industry until all single women have been placed.

No housewife should be given work far from her home except in special circumstances.

She has responsibilities that make travel more inconvenient than it is for a man.

No Man-Handling

Don't militarise the workers!

Some busybodies seem to take a delight in making things difficult.

They imagine they are making a "big drive" if they dragoon everybody else.

Actually, they lack sensible imagination.

That is proved by the failure of the hostels-for-husbands scheme.

The Basic Principle

It can be made to succeed only if the Government recognises its predecessor's blunder and reorganises with one basic principle in mind:

THE PRESERVATION OF FAMILY LIFE.

Forethought Needed

Separation and breaking-up of families is inevitable when men are called to the Fighting Forces.

It should not be necessary in industry.

Planning and forethought can, in nearly every area, find work locally for both husband and wife.

Tell Them, Mr. Bevin

Greater output will follow if workers are contented.

But wholesale disruption of family life is the surest way to undermine morale

These are truisms that Mr. Bevin must emphasise to his subordinates.

And to his fellow-Ministers!

Too Long to Wait

Col. Moore-Brabazon, that Minister of high promise, should ensure that poor transport does not convey bad morale.

Too many workers have to wait in long queues to reach home when their job is done, catching chills that reduce their efficiency!

["John Bull" refers to this avoidable muddle on page 6.]

Meantime, has the Minister prepared plans for the later rush-hours that will come with a later black-out?

A Word of Praise

Do not think we grudge recognition of the Government's achievements. They contrast admirably with the record of the previous administration.

Steps are being taken to outwit the land sharks who hope to reap huge fortunes after the war.

That is an example of the forethought needed in the control of every war time activity.

Seeing Through It!

Other examples of promptness never find their way into print.

So it is with binoculars, needed by the Observer Corps and by trawler skippers, who at present try to peer through North Sea mists with unaided eyes.

Well-to-do owners of binoculars prefer to sell them in open market, getting a good price down, rather than lend or sell them to the State.

Let Them Scream!

Ministry of Supply noticed three auction sales of such glasses, advertised by high-class salesrooms.

It requisitioned the lot at once. At its own price. And not cash down!

People who owned those binoculars are screaming with rage.

Let them scream.

Lodgers Must Quit

Stockton-on-Tees housing committee is equally unaware of war needs.

Hundreds of miners have been sent to the town for work.

Some sixty or seventy have managed to find lodgings in council houses, because no other accommodation is available.

Those householders have now been told to give lodgers notice to quit, or accept notice themselves!

Good for Business

Mr. Morrison has told local authorities to create committees to deal with raid damage.

Some of these committees are composed solely of builders, with autocratic powers and obvious opportunities of improving their own business.

If we know anything about Mr. Morrison, a cartload of bricks will soon descend on their heads.

Stuff of Real Heroes

Most of our people are built of less selfish stuff.

They will co-operate with any Government scheme, providing it is applied justly and sensibly.

"John Bull" believes that they will work with the same determination that inspired the almost incredible bravery of some George Cross winners.

And that means an end to Hitler's hopes.

(Continued overleaf)

AIR RAIDS! INVASION!
GAS ATTACKS!
BOMBARDMENT!

OVER **£40,000** ALREADY PAID

A FREE INSURANCE POLICY
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FOR EVERY READER *(See page 19)*

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

MOST notable feature of the Government's Bill to amend the Means Test is the absence of any serious criticism of its proposals.

Parliament and People know a good thing when they see it.

If its provisions are operated by minor officialdom in the manner laid down by higher officialdom, then the Means Test should at last become a safeguard rather than a scandal.

No need to stress that out-of-works will not in future be penalised if they live with "in-laws."

But one academic point has been missed by daily newspapers.

May Snaffle the Lot

Unemployment Assistance Fund is to be discontinued.

That money was subscribed by public assistance authorities. Will they get back their millions, or will the Treasury snaffle the lot?

The Bill merely authorises the Treasury to wind-up the Fund, doesn't say how.

Total surplus of unemployment funds, now amounting to nearly £61,000,000, should be distributed in increased benefits.

Services' Means Test

Next, Means Test in the Services must go.

Widowed mothers of soldiers are too often deprived of a dependant's allowance because they take in boarders, or are helped by other relatives.

JOHN BULL is sending several examples of this injustice to the War Office, demanding an explanation.

Outrageous Greed

Another reform that will have to come is a more generous means test for bombed families.

One victim, having been given £8 from the Lord Mayor's Fund, has had this amount deducted by the Public Assistance Committee from his final settlement of £35 for the damage to his property.

Another victim, having found temporary accommodation in a room that has no fireplace, has to endure bitter cold because Hackney Public Assistance Committee will not pay £3 10s. for the room to be wired for an electric fire.

Such pettiness is just outrageous

It Was Good Advice

Remember JOHN BULL'S advice to insist on a receipt for claims relating to bomb damage?

After waiting four months for a receipt, a reader went to the district valuer's office.

"You won't get it for weeks," he was told. "We've thousands of claims."

He showed them JOHN BULL'S paragraph—and received his receipt that evening.

The Bloodsuckers

Hardest of all reforms will be to make Inland Revenue officials a little more human.

Lancashire firm decided to augment the Army pay of employees who joined up. For one employee imprisoned in Germany it could do no more than pay the Red Cross 10s. a week to send him hampers of food.

Income-tax is being levied on that weekly 10s.!

That's Their Story

JOHN BULL asked Somerset House for a ruling.

"It all depends on the way in which such help is given" was the answer.

"When a board of directors sits down and passes a resolution whereby a certain amount of its earnings is distributed among men in the Services and another part to prisoners of war, the view may be taken that income-tax should be paid on it."

Without Conscience

JOHN BULL mentioned a reader who, because his firm was evacuated was in danger of losing the house that he was buying through a building society at £1 a week.

The firm took over the payments until such times as he could return to the house.

And the income-tax authorities promptly charged him income-tax on it. They tell us: *"We've got to pay for the war."*

Collector's Threats

Next we asked about the man who had saved the money to pay his income-tax and then spent it on evacuating his wife and children from the vicinity of an aerodrome.

He asked for time to pay, pointing out that the authorities had been urging evacuation of women and children.

The collector wouldn't give him a minute—rolled out threats about prison.

A Slow Payer

Said the High Authority at Somerset House: "Collectors are usually ready to make concessions. Perhaps this man had been a slow payer before."

We replied: "Suppose he had! Are the Government appeals to send women and children to safety supposed to apply to the families of prompt payers and no others?"

Answered Authority, loftily: "Well, the collector has obviously given every consideration to the case, and that is his decision."

What a Yarn!

Referring to these three and other instances, we asked: "But suppose there is just one harsh collector in the country, must his decision always be final?"

Somerset House answered: "There is no such thing as a harsh collector."

"Well, suppose a collector has made a mistake?" we replied. "Even High Court judges make mistakes. That's why we have an Appeal Court."

"Collectors never make mistakes," was the amazing answer.

"Therefore there is no appeal from their decisions."

Thy Name is Muddle

Farmers have large stores of potatoes, but are refused permits to sell them.

So, as Mr. de la Bere has told Parliament, it looks as though thousands of tons will become pig food.

Then, in a few months' time, we shall be told that potatoes must be rationed because of scarcity.

Officialdom, thy name is Muddle!

They're At It Again

Prices of oranges went up on Monday.

Last week, retailers tried to obtain supplies—in vain.

Yes, they were being kept back to increase the profits of wholesalers.

Is it seriously beyond the wits of the Ministry of Food to stop these incessant ramps?

Outwitting Officials

It is possible, sometimes, to outwit the official obstructionists.

Two organisations wanted to give away trailer ambulances. Ministry of Health said that no more ambulances were required.

Southampton withdrew its application for ten.

But private persons—and a mayor or two—are accepting ambulances for public use.

One hundred have already been earmarked for service.

Got Them Taped

To give credit where it's due, the Air Ministry seems to have been busy cutting red tape.

Private organisations tell us, "If an official can't give us the information we need on the spur of the moment, he promises to ring us back in ten minutes."

"And it is ten minutes."

Certain other Departments, please note.

Such Encouragement

Worst offenders are local authorities, recently reminded by Herbert Morrison that there's a war on.

It is so long since the allotments committee at Ryde, Isle of Wight, held a meeting that officials can't remember the date.

Meantime, "Dig for Victory" volunteers are trying to till allotments on old refuse dumps.

It's a Necessity

On page 22 this week we announce the presentation of the war's most important book.

"Modern Home Nursing and First Aid" tells you, in more than 300 pages and 200 how-to-do-it diagrams, how to guard your health and to treat cases of sickness or accident.

In the national interest, this book is issued to readers at a low privilege price. Send in your application form at once.

Behind the News

● **In a desperate attempt to offset effects of Axis defeats, Goebbels is faking the newsreels sent to neutral countries, especially in America. The swindle was discovered when he offered pictures of Warsaw as showing the destruction of London!**

● *New U.S.A. scheme to freeze all foreign credits has blocked cunning new Nazi-Fascist attempts to smuggle out currency for fear that the States will soon be in the war.*

● U.S.A. has officially decided that war conditions make it impossible to despatch letters or parcels to Germany and Italy *via* Siberia. All such postal packets are now sent by "Clipper," which stops at Bermuda, where a British censor station exists.

● **German stocks of industrial diamonds are now far below safety margin. Unless they are replenished, arms work may have to be slowed down. Goering cannot get any more of these diamonds in Holland; their export is forbidden from America.**

● *Anti-Nazi paper has made its appearance in Belgium despite all Gestapo efforts to prevent it; cheekily gives its address as the H.Q. of the occupation army in Brussels.*

● German administrators in Norway report that they are near the end of their tether in trying to keep Quisling in power. Instead of being able to divert Nazi troops for urgent service elsewhere, garrisons are having to be reinforced.

● **Free French attack on Italian aerodrome 400 miles inside Libyan desert frontier is clear warning to Hitler of what might happen to "unacclimatised" lines of communication if they are attenuated in the effort to stretch from Germany to Dakar.**

● *Mussolini and favoured associates have an armada of long-distance 'planes "ticking over" day and night—just in case.*

● Meanwhile, Hitler has ordered Himmler to conduct an Italian purge irrespective of Fascist certificates of loyalty to the party. Italians who won't swear loyalty to Hitler as well as Mussolini are to be sent to the front line.

● **Inside Germany, officers suspected of doubting the certainty of Nazi victory are made to handle unexploded R.A.F. bombs; are kept on duty in the open during raids near military objectives.**

● *Many German "tourists" in Spain have been instructed to return home. General Franco has insisted that more follow suit or he cannot guarantee their rations. Berlin offer to make up the difference was declined. Transport difficulties have been given as the reason.*

WANTED: A PATTERN IN THE PATCHWORK

MANY Ministers, including the Premier, have told the world what Britain's war aims are; none has yet defined her peace aims.

Vague and general statements have been made by the dozen. They overlap; they clash and confuse; they form nothing but a patchwork of pious aspirations.

***Now* is the time to put some pattern into this patchwork. *Now* is the golden opportunity to offer the war-weary millions a noble "design for living" after the war is over.**

JOHN BULL was urging the Government on this page last week to launch a propaganda *blitzkrieg* upon Europe, because there has never been a better opportunity to do so since the war began.

To-day we want to stress the importance—*the vital importance*—of a declaration of the British Commonwealth's peace aims in order to give that propaganda *blitzkrieg* its best chance of success.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

BY THE EDITOR

We are reluctant to criticise the Premier, but in this connection we fear that he is displaying something less than his usual bold and vigorous imagination.

For when he says that *his* war aim is "to extirpate Hitlerism from Europe," the world is not much more enlightened than when Hitler says he is fighting "to break the power of the pluto-democracies."

We agree with the Premier that "most right-minded people, here and abroad, and especially in the United States, already understand the causes and principles for which we are waging war upon the Nazi tyranny." But we do not agree with him in thinking that, for the time being, we can afford to bank upon this general understanding and this general sympathy.

On the contrary, we assert that men and women, of every race and tongue the world over are waiting in desperate eagerness to know what *positive* alternative the British Commonwealth can offer them to Hitler's "New Order."

That "order" means nothing but blind and dumb submission to the Nazi bosses. It is an order of slavery against which every instinct of human freedom passionately rebels.

But who are we to suppose that all Hitler's victims will take our unselfish purposes for granted? Can we even be sure that American and British public opinion is wholly satisfied?

JOHN BULL agrees with Mr. J. B. Priestley that the whole world is looking to this country now for the declaration of a "short, clear creed"; or, in other words, a simple statement of Britain's general peace aims.

We do *not* advocate the plotting of a new map for post-war Europe. We realise that no man dare yet predict the final frontiers of the new "Old World."

We do *not* suggest for a moment that Britain should seek to impose her will upon the Continent.

All JOHN BULL wants the Government to do is to offer Europe a lead and to outline its own plan for an economic and social system such as all free peoples would be glad to adopt.

Individual Ministers have clearly begun to form a plan of this kind.

Mr. Attlee says: "We have got to move forward into a new world—a world without poverty, without unemployment, without distressed areas."

"Britain after the war," says Mr. Greenwood, "will not tolerate the tragic spectacle of abject poverty," and Mr. Bevin sums up his peace aims, for this nation *and for all mankind*, in the two words, "social security."

This is all very well as far as it goes, but it doesn't go anything like far enough. It has been left to a lesser political figure, Mr. Harold Nicolson, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister of Information, to cross the first "t's" and dot the first "i's" in the unwritten draft of the British Commonwealth's peace aims.

Mr. Duff Cooper's "second in command" was speaking of Swedish *neutrals* at a luncheon of the Anglo-Swedish Society in London.

"Our victory will be your victory," said he, and went on frankly to speak of "the new world which we and our cousins overseas will have to build."

In this new world, Mr. Nicolson continued, there are to be no slave States, but only a community of free peoples "each working out its own problems . . . in accordance with its own temperament and traditions.

"Each will sacrifice something of its political and economic independence for the good, *and for the defence*, of the community as a whole."

JOHN BULL cannot recall any previous utterance by a British politician which went so far towards telling the outside world what sort of peace we envisage for our neighbours as well as ourselves. But we want to know whether the Government shares Mr. Nicolson's views, and, if so, why it hesitates to give them official endorsement and proclaim them to the world

Before Parliament rose last December the country was given to understand that the Cabinet Committee, which had been set up to examine the question of our peace aims, had finished its work.

We expected its report to be presented immediately Parliament reassembled. We naturally hoped that this report would form the basis for an historic statement by the Government.

No such statement has been forthcoming; indeed, the Premier has only recently declared that he feels unable to add anything to those previous public utterances—that patchwork quilt of vague aspirations—which has hitherto served as Britannia's peace-aim mantle.

LORD HALIFAX, on the other hand, has been bolder than we expected. Pleasantly surprising us by his quickness to fall into line with American custom, he has recently told a gathering of American newspaper men that "Britain has no secret treaties for territorial distribution after the war."

Splendid! JOHN BULL never liked secret treaties and always believed that "secret diplomacy" was "asking for trouble."

We are relieved to have the assurance of our Ambassador to Washington, who is also a member of the Inner War Cabinet, that there are no creaking skeletons of this kind in the Imperial cupboard.

Indeed, we congratulate Lord Halifax upon his courage in "talking turkey" to the American Press.

But we still cannot understand why His Majesty's Government should hesitate to "talk turkey" to *all* our friends, to *all* the neutrals, and to the enemy himself.

JOHN BULL maintains that we have nothing to lose by frankness of this kind, and heaven knows *how* much to gain!

President Roosevelt, the greatest of all "neutrals," if that word still applies to him, has dared to proclaim his four essentials to human freedom.

And Pope Pius XII, the leader of the largest Christian community, has not hesitated to tell more than 300 million Roman Catholics the "five points" of the peace which his great Church could approve.

OUR own religious leaders of all denominations have declared their support of the Pope's general principles of world peace after the war is over.

Can there, therefore, be any excuse for the British Government's failure to state its peace aims at least as plainly as such aims have already been stated by President and Pope?

JOHN BULL can find no excuse. We are sick of undefined words like "democracy," "freedom," "Hitlerism" and "dictatorship."

We want to have a positive creed to believe in. We urge the Government to raise a standard that every free people will be proud and eager to fight for.

And so, once again, we implore the Government to proclaim its peace aims *at once* and to impose a noble pattern upon the patchwork of our individual leaders' good intentions.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

BACK OF IT ALL

UNDERLYING all our mental life is a vast, intricate and incredibly marvellous physical machine, the basis of which is a mass of neurones (nerve cells) and nerves.

There are so many neurones that to count those in one human being would take a man, working twelve hours a day and counting steadily at the rate of fifty a minute, more than seven hundred years!

The human nervous system is estimated to contain more than ten thousand million neurones, all connected and interconnected, so that imagination can hardly conceive the resulting complexity.

These countless connections are arranged strictly according to plan.

The nerve cells in the retina of the eye, receiving the stimulus of light, are definitely connected with the nerve cells carrying impulses to the muscles that open and close the eyelids, that move the eyes and turn the head.

Unlike any mechanical system, the nervous system of the human body has the power of altering itself. When something happens to cause it discomfort, it can meet the repetition of that "something" more successfully.

That is why we can form habits to save us time; why we can substitute one habit for another; why we can behave increasingly intelligently—if we wish.

That is why we can do anything we really set our minds on doing.

We have always waiting to do our bidding the most sensitive, adaptable and willing machine in the world.

Few of us use it to anything like the extent it deserves.

OPEN LETTERS

Sir HORACE WILSON, Head of the Civil Service

DEAR SIR,—Sir Kingsley Wood, now trying to prune Civil Service estimates for the Budget, should find it easy to lop off a few figures.

For the time-wasting in Whitehall is becoming as scandalous as in the last war.

One temporary clerk tells me that he has nothing but contempt for the system. Hours are wasted queueing up for tea and cake. Officials can lounge all day and start work in the evening in order to draw overtime rates.

Others tell me of well-paid jobs that could be done by a child of fifteen, and of jobs that shouldn't exist at all.

Comb out the slackers! Cut down the red tape! Deflate the swollen pay-rolls! —JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Glasgow

GENTLEMEN,—So Glasgow's all-night A.R.P. workers must continue to break their daytime sleep on Fridays to collect their pay.

You won't pay them when they go on duty. They could be given chits to cash at their convenience, but the banks won't co-operate.

Your city must be the only one in the world where the banks can't meet cheques and the council can't pay workers on the job.—JOHN BULL.

COUNT CIANO, In disgrace, Somewhere in Albania

YOUR BRAGGADOCIO,—I wish you even less success as a bomber squadron leader in Albania (if that is where you really are) than you had as Italy's Foreign Minister. And it will need a bigger man than you to offset the Italian Air Force's loss of activity and prestige.

Up to your arrival in Albania there had been 161 Italian air raids in the Mediterranean and African war zones, 1,024 British.

So you'll have to look busy, little man. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. K. LAW, M.P., Financial Secretary, War Office

DEAR SIR,—The disgraceful stinginess of your department is becoming intolerable.

A Burton-on-Trent widow was asked to billet a bombed-out family. She was assured that it would make no difference to the Army allowance paid in respect of her soldier son.

But the allowance has been cut by more than the amount she receives for looking after her boarders.

I am told that there are similar cases in the same town.

For heaven's sake restrain your professional Scrooges!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P., Minister of Transport

DEAR SIR,—It is not enough to organise a lorry service for one Government Department. Road transport as a whole needs reorganisation to free it from the shackles imposed on it for the benefit of the railways.

So grave is the lack of vehicles and spare parts, so many workers have left the industry, that it cannot play its full part in a national transport system,

With the result that vital goods are held up and workers cannot get to their jobs.

Last year two official committees advocated a co-operative plan embracing railways, roads, canals and coastwise shipping.

Why not heed this excellent advice?—JOHN BULL.

Major C. LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P., Ministry of Food

DEAR SIR,—If a Barrow man is sentenced to three months' hard labour for spoiling seventy-four tins of food, what punishment should be meted out to some of your own officials?

They left a thousand bags of flour stranded at Portsmouth for six weeks, and much of it was spoiled. The city's Food Committee has written two letters to your Ministry about it, and both have been ignored.

A touchy subject for you, eh?—JOHN BULL.

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT

GENTLEMEN,—Question Time in the Commons is perhaps democracy's greatest safeguard. With all respect, I suggest that it should be confined at present to vital affairs.

But Ministers have recently had to answer these posers:

Is the colour of W.A.A.F.s' stockings to be changed? Can church organs be exempted from tax? How many people were drunk last year?

Now let me ask one: Do such things really matter when the country is fighting for its life?—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION, Carlisle

GENTLEMEN,—Are you doing all you can to help the war effort?

One war worker doesn't think so. You have served him with a notice to quit because he lost his job with a Government Department that has first claim on his house.

But, though he has found work in another vital service, you don't seem concerned about finding him other accommodation and thus saving his wife and three young children from being turned into the street.

Do your bit by seeing that no war worker goes homeless in your area.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Gen. Sir W. K. WEMYSS, Quarter-Master-General

DEAR GENERAL,—Soldiers are sore at having to drive heavy lorries for thirty miles or so to pick up a few bars of chocolate or a box of cigarettes. And they don't like to see officers using Army petrol for joy rides.

The think it a waste of petrol. So do I. And, I know, so do you.

May I suggest that you address several strong words on the subject to commanding officers?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. CHUTER EDE, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—Your pledge of better opportunities for young people after the war should be noted by every parent.

We shall keep our hearts all the higher during the enemy's onslaught if our aims are lofty. We shall fight all the better if we know we are crushing not only Hitlerism but the evils in our own land.

Now we have a promise that the class and money barriers in our educational system are to be knocked away.

There will be higher education for everybody in big central schools, equal opportunity and status even in places where such schools cannot be provided.

No doubt you will also adopt the proposals urged by the Bishop of Liverpool, who for long was a public school headmaster.

He demands that public schools shall no longer be restricted to the rich, and that we shall seek to recruit future leaders from the elementary and secondary schools.

Such support for the views of JOHN BULL is significant.

And, as you yourself have said, the beaches of Dunkirk and the battle of the skies have proved the soundness not of a class but of a nation.

That nation will demand a 100 per cent. measure of social reform after the war, and will be satisfied with nothing less.—JOHN BULL.

EDUCATION DIRECTOR, Glamorgan

SIR,—What a tomfool waste of time to order more than two hundred teachers from Welsh towns to attend a lecture at Bridgend!

They used much petrol to get there and had to give a holiday to five or six thousand children. The subject of the lecture was—Art.

Haven't the children lost enough schooling because of raid alarms?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. FREDERICK EDWARDS, A.R.P. Sub-Controller, Esher

DEAR SIR,—Your notice that the council will not be responsible for any damage to clothing or other possessions of A.F.S. men and wardens—whether they are on duty or not—seems to me an insult to the Civil Defence Services.

Next, I suppose, the council will ask firemen to buy their own pumps and hoses.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. JOSEPH TOWERS, Staffordshire's "Fighting Farmer"

DEAR SIR,—Officialdom moves in mysterious ways its muddles to perform.

Last year you ploughed up half an old meadow and it yielded oats worth £350. Now you want to till the other half.

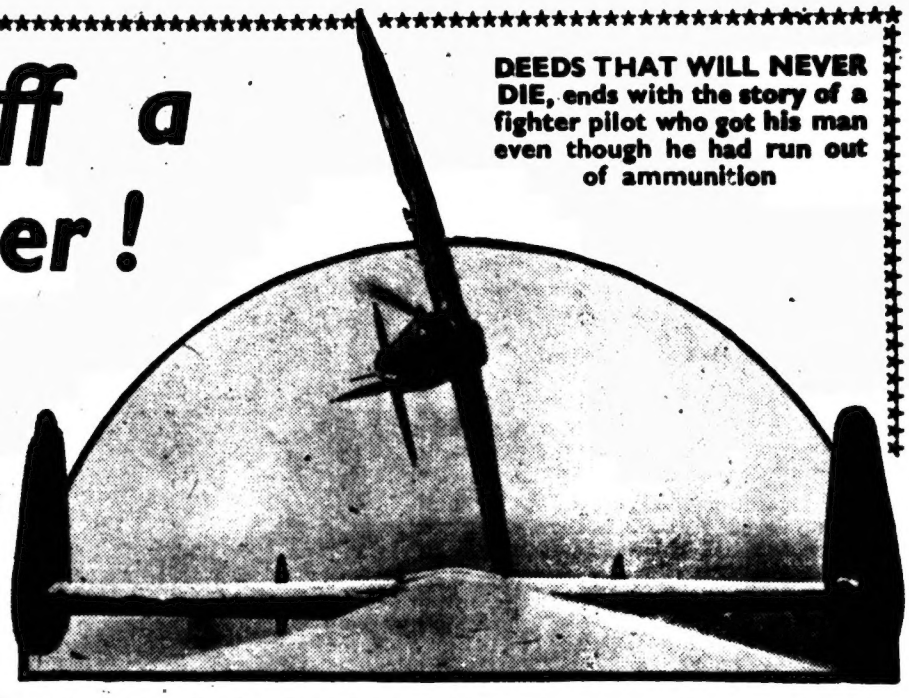
"Go ahead," said officialdom. After you had started, permission was withdrawn, apparently because the soil is damp.

Here's a contrast: Mr. Arthur Davies, who restored a derelict farm to prosperity, has been given a roving commission to restore all unproductive farms in Suffolk.

Don't you wish you lived in Suffolk?—JOHN BULL.

Slapped Tail off a German Bomber!

DEEDS THAT WILL NEVER DIE, ends with the story of a fighter pilot who got his man even though he had run out of ammunition



This photograph, taken from the gun turret of a Nazi bomber, shows the menacing silhouette of a British fighter, mercilessly pursuing its foredoomed prey

By FRANK STUART

Author of "Elephant in Jet"

IN attempting to select half a dozen deeds and say of them that they are the bravest of the war, the choice is endless.

But R.A.F. officers themselves are unanimous in choosing, as the representative tale of the Junior Service, an account of the flight of a Hurricane fighter over Kent which ended in the slapping-off of the tail of a Heinkel bomber by a feat of the most amazing flying ever known.

In the Pilots' Room of an R.A.F. aerodrome "somewhere in the south-east" the warning buzzers sound and the loudspeakers snap out sudden, curt orders.

The men sitting there in bulky flying-suits, mopping down boiling cocoa and swopping gossip, leap to their feet and race out across the tarmac to where their machines, warmed up ready to take the air, are being fussed over by knots of mechanics.

A rising roar—then another and another, as the three-ton fighters zoom up.

Six Miles a Minute

Two miles high within four minutes of leaving the ground, they turn towards the coast and zip away, still rising, at more than six miles a minute.

Solitary in his cockpit sits "Ginger," a Saturday afternoon flyer before the war, but now a veteran with two kills already to his credit.

Infinitely far ahead and two thousand feet below appear a handful of black flecks like scattered dust.

The enemy!

Ginger glances round the thirty-odd dials and switches in his tiny cockpit, sees that his oxygen supply is functioning smoothly, and watches the Squadron Leader's machine.

As one man, the Hurricane pilots ease forward their sticks a little—and down, like a handful of thunderbolts from the hand of an angry god, go the warplanes out of the sun, in a screaming power-dive at over eight miles a minute.

Ginger peers over the new sights that have replaced the old ring-sight, and his gloved hand goes down smoothly and steadily on the button.

Instantly, the eight guns hidden in his wings speak together—12,000 bullets per minute converging at lethal concentration two hundred yards ahead. Two short bursts . . . a long burst. . . .

And then the Squadron has hurtled down towards the German machines—big Heinkel 111's with heavy bomb-loads.

Flying for Their Lives

The Germans don't like that, any more than they like cold steel—they flinch away at the last minute, and the formations are broken into scattered machines flying for their lives before that hornet attack.

Machine-guns clatter like typewriters gone mad, and shell-guns bark and crack, and there is a giant background of the deep roaring note of three score thousand-horse-power engines.

The British machines adopt rodeo tactics—two or three of our fighters to each selected German, hemming him in with red-hot bursts of gunfire, ringing him round with lancing tracers, flying at him bald-headed, until he is cut out from the herd and headed away, probably with smoke already pouring out and some substantial damage done.

Then one British machine fastens on to him like a leech, while the others whirl round in a tight turn and rejoin the main battle to repeat the process over again.

The solitary bomber in this case is attended by Ginger's Hurricane, which rips along slightly above and behind it like the shadow of the Angel of Death.

Never on the Target

You can see the German gunners crouching over their weapons—sending two-pound high-explosive shells spattering across space, to blow up with a thudding *WOOMPH!* here and there, but never on the target.

You can tell that the German pilot who came over so proudly, rigidly keeping his place in that great air armada of five minutes ago, bringing his two tons of bombs to throw down on our women and children, has other concerns now.

He is bending feverishly over his instrument panel and touching this and adjusting that, struggling to get the last ounce of speed out of his machine so as to escape the Terror That Flies By Day.

This Heinkel has thin steel plates protecting the cockpits; it has steel-aluminium alloy over the great twin engines; but neither steel nor aluminium nor any other substance made can turn aside the doom that flies behind.

Ginger stares along his sights—presses that cool, steady hand down on the button—and sees his tracers pierce like rapiers through the enemy's petrol tanks.

Swift Decisions

But no flame follows—no black smoke pouring. The Germans have self-sealing tanks.

It is like trying to shoot down a wraith; but Ginger, his mouth thin and hard, glances at his petrol-indicator, works out swiftly how many more miles he can maintain the chase, and looses off one more burst.

He manœuvres again—just into the right place—ignores a shell whose concussion, just away to port, seems to rock his 'plane, jar his spine, open and shut his head like a concertina. His nose is reeking with the smell of cordite, but he stares steadily through his goggles.

Already the blue of the English Channel shows five miles down below h's feet, through a ragged rent of white cloud. France is not far away—France, and, for the enemy, protection, assistance, safety.

Ginger's hand goes down on the gun-button again. But there is silence.

His helmeted head jerks round. His mouth draws tighter. It is not the guns that have stuck, but the ammunition that has run out.

A shuddering thump shows that the enemy still have plenty of shells, and the will and ability to use them.

Ginger deliberately glances over the instruments in front of him.

Out of his tailored cockpit, out of the glass roof, he stares at the brilliant sky-scape. Then he looks down, over the monoplane's low wing, at the fleeing black shape ahead.

The German is power-diving down, meaning to hop over the waves too low for Ginger to have room to dive under and up in that ripping, tearing attack that he has already tried three times without success.

Then, perhaps realising from the silent guns behind that nothing more is to be feared from there, he flattens out at 5,000 ft. above the water, and hares towards the French coast, shining now, white and clear, in the distance.

Ginger stares calculatingly down at the enemy's tail, not more than three hundred yards ahead. He stares and stares and stares.

His hard mouth relaxes into an almost childish smile of pure delight.

The German, a veteran of many air battles, knows clearly now that something has gone wrong with the guns behind. But he does not wheel round and start a fight afresh—he has known these mad English do very unorthodox things before.

The Hurricane draws nearer—nearer. Vainly the German tries to get more speed out of his bomber. Ginger, now very close, sees a handful of black eggs scattering down through the white cloud below and behind him; another; then another.

Ginger has now brought his Hurricane's wingtip just over the fleeing Heinkel's tail.

He is near enough to toss a biscuit down on to the fish-like fuselage.

Frightened Germans

He is too near to be hit by the enemy's guns, which cannot wrench round at so abrupt an angle; near enough to see and even cruelly study the jerky, frightened motions of the German gunners beneath their glass roof.

Thundering along at more than five miles a minute, Ginger looks down on the Heinkel's back . seems as if he intends to put down his fighter in a three-point landing there.

That youthful smile is still on his face.

His Hurricane begins to rock. Down goes the port wingtip a couple of feet—up again and down goes the starboard wingtip — port — starboard — port — starboard.

The Germans realise what he is trying to do—but realise it too late. He is too close for them to dare attempt a turn; they dare not even try to dive, for that would bring their helpless tail right up under his wing.

No—the men who came to bomb babies have got to fly on and on through endless seconds, conscious that Death himself is with them, reaching forward a bony hand to touch them on the shoulder.

It is as if the Heinkel is hypnotised!

The Hurricane is swaying dangerously now—it looks as if her wings will pull right off, but they won't—the Germans are praying, if bomber crews ever pray.

CRASH!

The port wingtip of the Hurricane has rocked down and struck the tail of the Heinkel bomber.

Head over Heels

Struck it like the fist of a giant—struck it and cut it clean away from the fuselage, so that the whole empennage goes flying downwards and behind like a bomb, and the great twin-engined aircraft, with its ragged stump of fuselage behind, tilts forward swift as thought, points down at the distant sea, and begins to turn incredibly fast head-over-heels, with its propellers still running.

One little figure jumps, but the parachute does not open, and the black spot falls like a lump of lead down through the clouds and is gone. The rest of the bomber crew die with their machine.

Ginger, with the tip of his port wing cracked away, is making a wide, careful turn towards the English coast.

The smile is set on his lips; he has done a thing that has never been done before and will probably never be done again in the history of flying, and he has got away with it.

But it will need some magic to get this crippled craft home.

Still, even if he has to bale out, there is a £25,000 bomber put out of the game.

On an even keel, flying with dreadful carefulness, Ginger sets a course for home.

Poultry is Still Too Dear!

Profit from poultry these days is only chicken-feed, she says

EVEN though poultry prices have been controlled, chickens remain beyond the purse of the average housewife.

She cannot pay 2s. 4d. a lb. for best roasters, 1s. 8d. a lb. for boilers, when she is doing her best to shop as economically as possible. It seems extravagant.

She remembers that only a few weeks before Christmas, when poultry prices usually attain their maximum, she was buying an occasional roaster at 1s. 10d.

For many months after the outbreak of war she paid only 1s. 4d. for roasters, often got a bird at 10d. a pound.

But this increase seems justified when poultry farmers and dealers explained their difficulties.

She was told that the cost of feeding stuff—now rationed—had risen 90 per cent. And as part of the vicious circle that is always started by such an increase, it cost more to rear chicks. In fact, everything was more expensive.

* * *

"It costs 1s. 11d. a pound to produce a chicken to-day compared with a little more than 1s. before the war," said the representative of one large-scale producer to JOHN BULL.

"For the first year of the war I had an extra return of 3½d. a pound for my poultry, but my costs were up 6d. a pound.

"Before the war I sent 250 chickens a week to the market. Now I send only 100 birds a week.

"Even if I wanted, I could not send more because of rationing of foodstuffs."

Another leading poultry farmer added that on a five-pound chicken the producer's profit averages 1s., wholesalers getting 10d. retailers 1s. 3d.

This seems reasonable enough for the producer, but it is obviously too much for the other dealers. And emphasises again that in adjusting food prices the Ministry of Food pays too much attention to the demands of middlemen.

Poultry wholesalers are still trying to maintain their large pre-war establishments on a reduced volume of trade.

They make the same amount of commission on each bird as before the war, but they are making less profit as a whole, because there are not so many birds coming to the market.

They made a good living out of poultry in the past with a commission of about 2d. a pound, even after allowing for rent and wages.

* * *

But new conditions demand that the poultry wholesaler's surtax on the housewife's purse should be reduced.

They must be weeded out.

There is no reason why there should be so many wholesalers.

Before the war, 500,000 tons of foreign poultry were needed to supplement the 1,600,000 tons of fowls, geese, duck and turkey killed each year in Great Britain.

Now there are no imports, and as home production is probably down by half, there is no need for the pre-war number of wholesalers.

Such a reduction would help a lot in cutting down the overhead expenses now shouldered by the housewife at the bidding of the Ministry of Food.

The problem of poultry prices should receive further official consideration because chicken should no longer be a rich man's meal.

Even though the trade has to be subsidised, it should be possible for average persons to buy fowl to help out their meat rations.

* * *

This could easily be done by subsidising feeding-stuff, thus persuading those breeders who have been forced to limit their stocks to go on breeding as many birds as they produced before the war.

Certainly there must be a 30 per cent. reduction in the controlled price in the Spring, when poultry is usually at its cheapest.

Now that poultry is reappearing in the shops after being held in cold storage by the wholesalers until a controlled price was adjusted to their advantage, producers are doing their best to deal directly with the shopkeepers in the hope of cutting out the middlemen and pocketing their profit.

He will receive 1s. 11d. for his roasters, but instead of the housewife receiving the benefit of this reduction, the 5d. profit will be shared by retailer and producer.

Meantime, the women with the shopping basket must pay 2s. 4d., knowing well that a subsidy for feeding stuff and a 50 per cent. reduction in the number of wholesalers might easily result in the highest winter price for a roaster being 1s. 10d., with a summer price of 1s. 4d.

But it's poor consolation.

FLYING POSTMEN DEFY JERRY

● This is the saga of the men who pilot commercial "crates" over enemy territory, flying without arms and without even the assistance of radio communication with their ground bases. They are maintaining Britain's civil air service, defying Nazi fighters, yet not even considering themselves flying heroes.

BRITAIN is making history in the air, not only with her superb R.A.F., but also with the trundling airliners now maintaining Empire air-routes.

With most of Europe and the Mediterranean in the possession of war-planes, it was expected that Britain's civil air services would collapse.

To-day the world is amazed to find them still running—almost as usual.

Skirting enemy-held territory, flying vast "hops" on roundabout routes, using improvised bases, robbed of weather and radio reports, British airliners carry on.

During the "blitzkrieg" winter, they maintained a steady 100,000 miles a week to and from 34 countries.

The distance covered by British air routes had dropped by one-twentieth since war started, yet British air liners flew 5,000,000 miles, with thousands of passengers, freight and 30,000,000 letters during 1940.

Gigantic Switch-over

When war in the Mediterranean closed the elaborately-equipped Mediterranean trunk airway to the East, air chiefs made a gigantic switch-over of short-circuiting the war zone by way of the west coast of Africa.

It involved new and hazardous crossings.

One main European route, England to Lisbon, was open.

Between Lisbon and the next stop, Bathurst, on the West African coast, lay a stretch of sea as wide as the Atlantic.

British flying boats, never designed for such distances, were regularly making this flight by August, 1940.

From Bathurst they flew to Sierra Leone and on (after a 1,200 mile flight) to Lagos, in Nigeria.

Here air liners equipped for overland work waited to carry passengers for India, Australia and New Zealand across the thousands of miles of jungle, swamp, bush and forest to Durban on the east coast. Then flying boats continued the trip to the East.

To-day's traveller to Cairo (in peace an easy 30-hour trip) must fly thousands of miles by way of Lisbon to West Africa, and then another 3,500 miles across the Continent to Egypt.

But he arrives!

"Great skill in long-distance navigation and great physical endurance were needed by the crews," say the Airways officials. Typical British understatement.

And Our Allies

The allies are helping.

Belgian air liners drone from the west coast to Cairo.

Dutch 'planes help British flying boats on the Lisbon route.

The England-Lisbon line must be the most dramatic in the world.

It is Britain's last regular air-link with Europe, and the first stage of the Clipper airway to America.

British, German, Italian, American and Spanish pilots and crews rub shoulders, bow politely and say little at Lisbon airport.

In the passenger list of fifteen on the Lisbon liners you will find world-famous names.

Visiting Americans see their first Nazi fighters on the 1,000-mile Lisbon-England trip.

None of our planes has been destroyed, although the liner carrying Laurence Olivier and his wife, Vivien Leigh, on their last stage home was trailed for miles by an inquisitive Messerschmitt.

One civil pilot, surrounded by six fighters over the Channel, turned to "attack."

Swallowing his bluff, they fled!

Unarmed over Hitler

The bravery of British air-line pilots is summed up in this excerpt from a report published in London last month:

"Every week from 'Somewhere West' Captain Bruce Middleton takes off in a giant American-made air liner and, with passengers and mail, flies it over Hitler's 'invincible' territory to and from one of Europe's leading capitals.

"Middleton flies unarmed, uses no radio, and must depend on oxygen-breathing apparatus for most of the journey."

The 400 passengers a month who use the Lisbon service on their way to the United States will have shortened the trip when Britain's direct Transatlantic service is resumed.

Ten crossings were made last summer with old flying boats, never designed for the trip, and so crammed with extra fuel tanks that they carried only six passengers compared with a Clipper's thirty.

This summer there will be two or three trips a week in specially-built machines.

The prestige to be gained by a full-scale British service would be immense, and Anglo-American co-operation would benefit from the speed of travel.

Britain's Clippers

Britain has bought three 40-ton Clippers, each able to carry 40 passengers on the direct crossing in under two days, from the States. They would link routes across America and the Pacific, enable statesmen or industrialists to reach New Zealand in little more than a week!

Before the war Britain had plans for 60-passenger flying boats, with sleeping cabins, lounges and smoke-rooms.

Such craft (and the American 100-seaters now being built), will be the Atlantic liners of post-war days.

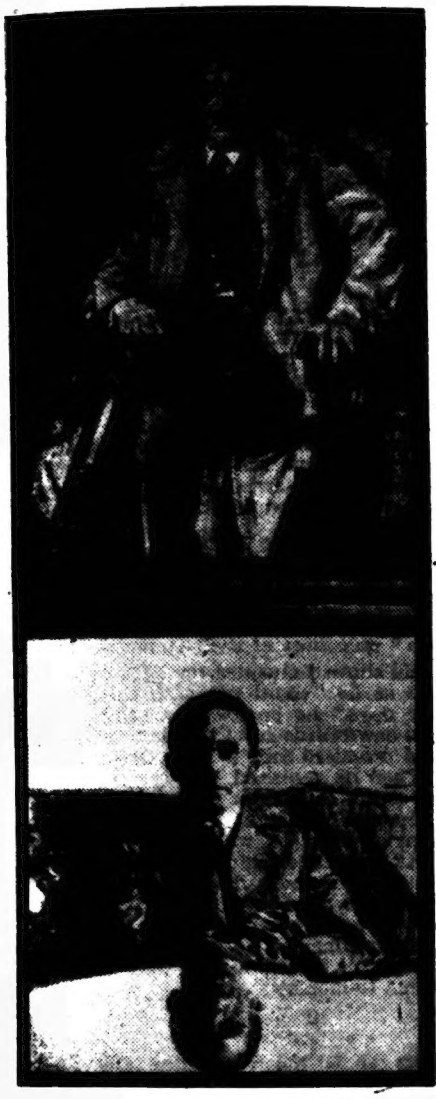
Britain's air liners have had their war casualties.

During the hard fighting in France, several 40-seater 'planes, familiar to pre-war Croydon, were rushed to Lille, crammed with ammunition and supplies.

They delivered the supplies, but left one of their number behind.

Another 20-tonner had its tail and undercarriage shot off, but pancaked down to a safe landing in Kent.

Other air liners went out on secret missions during the fighting in Norway, some of them, with their crews, never to return.



Dr. Goebbels, now his master's voice, works under the watchful eyes of this portrait of the Fuehrer

HOW NAZI RUMOURS TAKE WING

Willi Frischauer, the anti-Nazi Austrian Journalist now in exile, shows how Nazis use even their enemies to spread German propaganda lies

MAYBE you didn't know that Dr. Joseph Goebbels, Germany's notorious Propaganda Minister, frequently turns general, admiral, *Luftwaffe* chief, or even diplomat at this time of year.

For in the Spring Hitler's thoughts turn lightly to thoughts of rumours.

And the Goebbels' lie-factory, which has been busy in its Berlin dugout all winter preparing the fictitious scraps of news that will keep the world busily scrambling after the truth for the next few months, sets evil tongues wagging all over the world.

Time was when Goebbels merely planted the seed of a lie, watered it with a few adroit suggestions and there blossomed in the Springtime a lie of most convincing proportions.

Then the world became wise to the arch-lies of the Nazis.

It needed something more than a gentle hint to make people believe what was expected of them.

That is why Goebbels became a general.

Time was when it would have been enough for him merely to suggest something to be taken seriously.

He commands a few divisions of infantry and mechanised units that rarely go into action.

They are his stage properties, and Goebbels orders them around only to give strength to his latest publicity campaign.

He allows them to be seen on the frontier of Bulgaria. The news flashes around the world, and even the most cautious foreign observers begin to talk about further trouble in the Balkans.

Then General Goebbels withdraws his divisions, knowing he has given the whisperers a peg on which to hang their stories.

Unpaid Agents

He doesn't always have to pay these whispering crusaders.

Frequently their great hatred of Hitler makes them his most devoted adherents.

It can happen even in Britain.

So many persons refuse to believe that if Hitler's propaganda machine begins to broadcast his plans for the invasion of Britain, he obviously has his eye on something else. He doesn't always advertise his intentions.

It is the same when he points a dramatic finger at Malta, after sacrificing a few squadrons of dive-bombers, the same when troops appear in the Balkans, around Gibraltar, or seem to be heading for Russia's Ukrainian cornfields.

These anti-Nazis don't spread rumours for their enemies merely in panic.

They are so eager to be prepared for every eventuality that they can't help taking these false moves seriously.

Cloaked by Embassy

In neutral countries these whisperers are helped by German propagandists attached to German embassies.

They maintain "contacts," drop "hints," offer "advice," pretend that they are giving away an "exclusive titbit of news" for the sake of friendship, even lose official-looking documents revealing "confidential information."

This army of cunning liars has been well schooled in setting light to the inflammable fears of the anti-Nazis.

Before the war, Hitler was the Propaganda Ministry's most successful assistant.

Each of his speeches was designed to plant a sturdy crop of rumours.

Even though his ability to speak German intelligently, even to express himself clearly, was limited, he always managed to inject some material for conjecture into his incomprehensible ramblings.

He always started the world on a new guessing game.

But now Goebbels has to be his master's voice.

Granted powers far beyond the reach of other Nazi statesmen when immersed in a publicity campaign, Goebbels takes over the Foreign Office from Ribbentrop, frequently summons foreign statesmen to Germany.

During the nerve war against Austria, an Austrian Cabinet Minister was implored to visit Berlin at short notice.

When he returned he admitted a trivial matter had been raised by the German Ministers. It could have been settled by any subordinate.

Yet this visit to Berlin caused a host of rumours, and produced surprising diplomatic reactions.

It was a successful Nazi propaganda move.

Innocent Tools

During the last few months we have all wondered what was implied by the visits of Balkan Ministers to Berlin or Vienna.

In three out of five instances the Balkan statesmen were nothing but innocent tools of Nazi rumour fabrications.

Senor Suner, the Falangist Spanish Foreign Secretary, was kept in Berlin for weeks.

Nothing came of his occasional conversations with Nazi functionaries, yet the whole world was convinced that Hitler was preparing a move in which Spain was to play a major part.

Then a Hungarian Minister went to Berlin to draw attention to the Balkans, to set the world guessing again.

Nazi propaganda has achieved many bloodless victories for Hitler.

Rumours have saved his armies.

But after eight years its usefulness is wearing off.

And when everybody sees through it the last pillar of Nazi propaganda will fall, to bring the whole edifice of the [illegible] crashing on Hitler's head

The Sinister Herr Schommer

A BROAD-SHOULDERED man with small, cunning eyes in his clean-cut face entered a café in the Kaerntnerstrasse in Vienna in February, 1938.

In the back room a tall, slim fellow was waiting for him. And as he rose to greet him, he peered anxiously through large spectacles.

"I was rather afraid you'd be too late," said the man with the spectacles.

"It's a habit of mine to be on time, Herr Dr. Seyss-Inquart," laughed the man with the cunning eyes as he sat down. "Can we start now?"

Dr. Seyss-Inquart took a chair.

"I am at your disposal, Herr Schommer," he said.

But he had to pull himself together before he handed over to Herr Schommer the papers and documents for which he asked.

For he knew Herr Alfred Schommer to be among the most dangerous Gestapo agents the Third Reich has ever produced.

He had come direct from Munich.

His interview with Dr. Seyss-Inquart in the back room of this little Vienna café lasted only an hour.

"I think we are going to get busy now," said Herr Alfred Schommer when they finished.

He laughed derisively.

A month later, German *panzer* divisions ran through the roads of Austria.

Within a few hours independent Austria was a thing of the past.

The Nazis took power.

Their carefully-worked-out plan was carried out with clockwork precision.

Dr. Seyss-Inquart announced the "*Anschluss*."

HERR ALFRED SCHOMMER stood at a window of the Hotel Imperial looking thoughtfully at the endless columns of marching troops.

He had just handed over his office to the newly installed Gestapo headquarters

He stood there and looked down all night.

Then he turned away and left the room slowly.

His work was done.

* * * *

ONE year later.

A German delegation arrives in Prague.

Its task is the improvement of German-Czechoslovak economic relations, because Czechoslovakia had been robbed of the Sudetenland only a few months previously.

Herr Alfred Schommer is a member of this delegation.

He is only an innocent expert, of course.

But he is the busiest man of the delegation.

A month passes.

Again German troops march.

Next day the independent Czechoslovak Republic has ceased to exist.

Herr Alfred Schommer stands on the *Hradschin*, looking down at Prague with a sardonic smile.

He has again proved that he was an expert.

An excellent expert.

* * *

YET another year later.

German experts arrive in Bucharest in February, 1940.

The Third Reich, now at war, has just concluded a trade agreement with Rumania.

It is necessary, first of all, to accelerate deliveries of Rumanian oil to the Reich.

But the Rumanian Government points to the difficulties arising out of transport bottlenecks.

"There is nothing to worry about," explain Nazis. "We'll send our best and most experienced experts. . . ."

That is why Herr Alfred Schommer arrives in Bucharest with a large staff of transport experts.

"He is our best man," boast the Nazis, "as far as transport is concerned, of course . . ."

Yes, he is indeed their best man as far as the preparation of a bloodless invasion is concerned.

He does excellent Gestapo staff work.

He has proved his abilities in Vienna and in Prague.

And he is going to prove it again in Bucharest.

Two months later German troops begin to pour into Rumania.

Technical troops first.

Then one division. And finally, three, five, eight, twelve divisions . . .

Herr Alfred Schommer has done his job again.

* * *

BUT the story is not yet finished.

A Nazi delegation is on its way to Rome, headed by Dr. Clodius, the German trade envoy.

They will work out a plan for a further tightening of German-Italian trade collaboration.

And a delegation like this needs an expert in transport questions.

Who is this transport expert?

Why, Alfred Schommer, of course!

Did you say anything? Did you mutter, "Poor Musso. . . ."?

ARMY COOKS WASTE MILLIONS!

MOST soldiers, whether "old sweats" or conscripts, former territorials or volunteers, have one complaint only about life in the new Army. They dislike the food.

Veterans will immediately reply that soldiers can't help grousing about their food. It is as natural as joking about the sergeant-major's eccentricities. I know all about that.

Yet I am convinced that there is every reason why the majority of men now under arms in this country should complain.

They are not expected to live on short commons.

Judged by civilian standards, Service menus are more than adequate. And I have yet to meet the man in khaki who feels he does not receive his fair share either at breakfast or at his mid-day meal.

Well, that looks good, but there are few men in the army who are as lucky as these lads

But everybody complains of the cooking, of the monotonous menus and the slatternly service.

The vicar summarised the efforts of his new cook by saying that his meal was either a living sacrifice or a burnt offering. Soldiers have a more blistering way of saying the same thing.

They blame the women cooks of the A.T.S.

They much prefer to have other men, even novices, fussing over the bubbling pans in the cookhouse.

Food in Swill-Tubs

Now this is a national scandal.

It means that men who need plenty of food are not being satisfied; that the abundance of good food with which they are supplied is finding its way into the swill-tubs because it can't be eaten. And there is no good reason for such waste.

That Army food should be thrown away when many civilians are tightening their belts is a crime in itself.

None of the soldiers to whom I have spoken expects the Army to be a life of luxury.

It seems a point of honour with every one of them that he should make himself tough enough to stand the rigours of the coming campaign He doesn't expect home cooking.

Yet, even with a ravenous appetite produced by his open-air existence, the man in khaki finds it difficult to swallow food that defies knife and fork.

Hunger may be the best of all sauces, but it doesn't help when you need an electric drill, not a spoon.

When I discuss Army life with the youngsters who have been gradually disappearing from this office to join their units, I invariably learn the same thing.

"There's plenty of food, but it is terribly dull!" they say. "Day after day it's a watery, savourless stew covered with a fine coating of hardening grease.

"Sometimes there is a roast. But the meat is cooked dry, the inevitable potatoes boiled until they are soapy, and a wet mess of cabbage swimming in tepid water. There doesn't seem to be an Army cook capable of preparing food without letting it get cold. And not one of them can make a dish tasty.

Defies Forks and Spoons

"We know that for the next few weeks we'll have one of three sweets: fruit (usually prunes), and thick, stick-jaw custard, rice pudding and jam (which is all right when you can get the jam), and baked jam roll.

"We never attempt to eat the jam roll. It defies forks and spoons, and it would make an excellent foundation for another Maginot Line.

"Anyway, it always goes into the swill-tubs to add to the rest of the waste.

"The food is the worst part of going back after you've been on leave, but you're getting used to it by the time you get your next leave.

"Yet you can never get accustomed to the slovenly service."

The new Army has introduced all manner of new devices, so-called labour-saving gadgets, for washing and drying dishes.

Well, that's all right. Nobody cares a lot for orderly duty in the cookhouse.

But everybody would prefer to spend a day washing dishes rather than have to eat off plates that are still wet and sticky after the last trip through the patent washing machine, that still have remains of the meal before last encrusted on the side, that are streaked with cold grease.

Yet it would be so easy to put it right.

In the old days no soldier was allowed to take his ease and his food until he had watered and fed and bedded down his horse.

He was not happy until he saw the nag comfortably settled in the picket line.

It should be the same now with officers and men.

Too many officers take it for granted that their men are being well fed.

This is what I mean.

Eager to investigate this problem of Service feeding, I questioned a young Air Force officer, who told me that he had the job of catering for several thousand men and women.

"It takes me three minutes to buy food for the lot of them," he boasted.

"An efficient N.C.O. hands me a bunch of chits; I sign them, and that's all."

He had never had any experience of catering, or buying food.

And he didn't know what his men had to eat.

"I never trouble with the menus," said he. "We get jolly good food in our mess, and Army people transferred for a few weeks to our station always say that we feed better than the Army.

"But I don't know what the men get; never go near the cookhouse or the dining-rooms."

Advice to Officers

It's the same with too many Army officers.

This is shown by a letter, recently sent to officers commanding recruit reception depots, in which Sir John Dill, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, asks:

"Are your cooks good, and are you doing everything by your personal supervision to encourage them to improve?

"Do they use their rations so that no one need supplement his meals out of his own pocket?

"And are your dining-halls, so far as you can make them, places in which to enjoy meals?"

Yet most officers still ignore these simple questions.

If they would only pop into the cookhouse at odd moments during the day, decide occasionally to examine the dishes ejected by the patent washing machines, talk to the men either when they are eating or before they have, and not after, they couldn't help making some definite changes in the system.

It's an officer's job to see that his men are satisfied.

He can enforce better cooking, cleaner service. But he shouldn't leave it to "an efficient N.C.O."

And by fulfilling his duty as an officer—he is not only the leader of his men, he's their mentor as well—he'll be saving tons and tons of food now thrown into the swill-tubs because it is uneatable.

Officers are as much to blame for the scandal as the women—and men—who can't cook.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

'Major Bogus' is On the Run

RECENTLY a young man in naval officer's uniform visited Liverpool hotels, describing himself as an admiral's son, and saying he was about to set out on a special mission to the United States.

He let it be known that he was offering jobs worth anything up to £100 a month in a New Orleans factory that was to build seaplanes.

Local people, impressed by his apparent sincerity, were promised jobs, and some of them even arranged their passage to the United States.

Meantime, of course, the "admiral's son" was short of cash—temporarily.

He showed cheques for £100 and £50, but as he "could not cash them for a few days," he borrowed anything from £20 downwards from people to whom he had promised jobs in New Orleans.

Then he vanished, and the manner of his going remains a mystery.

Typical victim of his trickery was a married man to whom the "admiral's son" explained that he wanted at least four fitters and other technicians to go with him to New Orleans, but "they must be good men."

Everything was to be kept secret.

Then he borrowed £5 "until the bank opens to-morrow."

* * *

TO show his versatility, the rogue spent his "spare time" in Liverpool posing as a Secret Service agent on a special mission.

He changed his story completely, except for pretending again that his father was an admiral, "a close friend of Mr. Winston Churchill."

He left those who were impressed by his pleasing manner poorer and disillusioned.

This "Secret Service" man, whose dozen aliases range from Brown to Robinson, is only one of a brigade of crooks now posing as officers in the Services.

Always planning coups in different towns, they wear splendid uniforms and make a pretty income with their lying tongues

* * *

ANOTHER trickster recently strutted about a Midland town.

In the uniform of a major of artillery he preyed on women who were impressed by his charming manners.

He "borrowed" anything from a "fiver" to £25. Invariably it was a "loan until my pay cheque comes through." It never did.

He proposed marriage to one middle-aged boarding-house keeper, stayed as a guest at the house, and then bolted, taking valuable jewellery.

He had no right to wear uniform.

As there are many more of these bogus military men about in borrowed or stolen uniforms, inform the police if your suspicions are aroused.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

THIS week's Public Benefactor guinea goes to D. Mercer, of 169, Cregagh Street, Woodstock Road, Belfast, who has supplied "John Bull" with valuable information of a scandal that needs exposing

Too Tough for the Gestapo

"John Bull" special correspondent continues his description of life in Hitler's New Hells by describing methods now employed by "Gestapo" thugs to try to break the proud spirit of the conquered Norwegians

NORWEGIANS are tough. They calmly continue to defy the tyrannous Might of the Invader's Gestapo, police and military.

The spirit of Norway is oppressed but obstructive, cajoled but completely unconquered.

Nazis dare not treat Norwegians as they do the enslaved Poles, although the patience of thwarted invaders is at last "almost exhausted" and punitive measures are hardening.

There is nothing they can do about the quiet sabotage of the "conquered" Scandinavians.

Sudden Landslide

They pretend that a landslide that carried away a vital railway track, disorganising traffic for nearly a week, was caused by a sudden thaw in the snow-covered mountains above.

But they know as well as the Norwegians that the "landslide" started with a cunningly "planted" charge of dynamite. But they could no longer pretend that German broadcasts were being silenced by technical failures, night after night, in town after town.

Yet electric current usually fails a few minutes before an important German broadcast. "Somebody" cuts the cables, paralysing trains and tramways.

This was admitted when one town was forced to pay a fine of £2,700 for sabotage.

For a long time there has been a concentration camp at Ulven in Western Norway, but the Nazis did not admit it until a few weeks ago.

They were afraid to disclose that they had to institute concentration camps for Scandinavians, and they still call them *prison* camps.

The confessional official communiqué, circulated in December, contained the revelation that the troops of occupation were being manhandled.

'Thirty-three Norwegian citizens have been arrested for their part in acting in an insulting way against German guards in the streets of Aalesund," it said.

Another Dismissal

"Local police behaved passively, thus aiding the demonstrators. The police chief was immediately dismissed and an inquiry opened into the conduct of the guilty police.

"The chief demonstrators were arrested and transported to a prison camp.

"Let this be a warning to all responsible and obstinate elements."

The "New Order" is becoming the New Hell!

When the arrests were made, guards fired on the crowd that collected outside the German cantonment, killing two.

Then the people were forbidden to be in the streets after nightfall for four days a week.

"Obstinacy" is not limited to the masses.

Among those recently arrested in Oslo were Rachel Grepp, widow of the former chairman of the Norwegian Labour Party; Sigrid Syvertsen, chairman of the Working Women's League; and Tryggve Nilsen, chairman of Oslo Town Council.

Fifteen other Labour members of the Town Council were imprisoned.

Nazis abandoned their "friendly" tactics for an orgy of arrests.

It became impossible to keep any record of their number.

They were made in all parts of the country.

Many victims merely vanished from their homes.

Quisling's puppet "co-operation" Government had failed.

His mysterious mission to Berlin heightened the tension on his return.

When a Nazi alderman started to address a meeting through a loudspeaker at Moll, the loudspeaker exploded.

Dynamite had been concealed in it, so that when the current was switched on the apparatus "went off," blowing his words back down his throat.

When patriots were forbidden to wear button-hole heads of King Haakon and other national badges, they wore paper clips in button-holes as a "Hold together" emblem.

They wrote "Long Live the King" on bank-notes.

Constant Posters

They hand-wrote, then brush-painted, then printed anti-Quisling posters on walls, and won a race in which removers were unable to keep pace with the posters.

Trondheim Student Corporation is no longer to enjoy higher education, because it is led by "irresponsible elements carrying on dangerous activities."

Scores of teachers have been dismissed or arrested for failing to "protect" *Nasjonal Sampling* (Nazi Party) pupils from rough handling by true-blood Norwegian school-mates.

Any real protection given to little Nazis brings indignation from little patriots' parents.

Germans are not confident enough yet to suppress the Trade Unions, which are openly hostile.

All members of the *Nasjonal Sampling* are therefore instructed to join the unions in an effort to sabotage them from within.

But Norwegians are as adept as their temporary masters at underground practices.

Almost nightly, troops of occupation are found dead in canals, back streets, lonely country districts and villages. Some are kidnapped, and fade away without trace.

Girls lose their hair if seen to be friendly with German soldiers.

Petrol dumps explode.

Ersatz Food

Meantime, bran and cellulose are going into rationed bread.

Potato-meal is being included in the flour ration.

Grass factories are producing meal from grass "vegetables," which the Nazis say is good for "children, poultry, cattle and horses."

Soap is being produced from seaweed at Christiansund.

Berlin says the Norwegians are angry when the R.A.F. bomb their ports.

Actually, Norwegians wave and cheer when they hear the bombers. Their only complaint is that they don't hear them often enough.

Watched by Nazi soldiers the Norwegians listen with sullen faces to the official news bulletin

BEAVER'S BUSY BOYS

I LIKE the Ministry of Aircraft Production. It does its job with the same efficiency as the Spitfires it bullies out of a willing aircraft industry—at top speed, with a minimum of fuss

There's nothing starchy and decorous about it, as with the older ministries

It doesn't mind executing a crazy victory roll when it is particularly pleased with itself.

But I admire the Ministry of Aircraft Production for something more than the enthusiasm that permeates it.

It is so unlike a ministry.

It is my idea of what all ministries should be like in the new world we are promised.

As far as I could see, there is a complete absence of "memo - sending." (You know, circulating documents from department to department with "Passed to you for attention," which usually means that an urgent job will take weeks.)

I SAW FOR MYSELF
By Maurice Fagence

If you want a job done there, you just go and tell the man who can do it.

Several of my interviews were interrupted by the arrival of R.A.F. motor-cyclist despatch riders with urgent messages.

They fling motor-cycles against the kerb outside, dash to the particular room concerned, blow a nose blue with cold, dash tears from their eyes, ferret out the message from under seven layers of jerkins, and that's that.

The person who wants the message receives it, at once.

And whatever work that message demands is put in hand.

All in the friendliest of friendly atmospheres.

* * *

I was told of an old woman who arrived and asked for the Right Honourable Lord Beaverbrook.

She was met with puzzled faces.

Five times she repeated the name.

Then she added, "Surely you know who I mean? The Minister!"

"Oh, the Minister," they chanted at her. "You mean 'The Beaver.'"

I'm afraid it can't be true.

But it ought to be. And in such a human ministry it could be.

But is such an atmosphere congenial for work of State? Isn't bureaucracy essential to such work, like a hot-house to a cucumber?

Results are the answer.

I can fire them at you quickly, as they were fired at me

No aeroplane industry in the world has ever accelerated its plane-building programme as we have done.

The Ministry supplies more than bare aeroplanes for the R.A.F. and other Services. It arms them, equips them throughout.

It supplies all the balloons.

There has never been such a balloon business.

It supplies the motor-launches.

There never was such a motor-launch concern.

* * *

But this hasn't prevented the R.A.F. getting machines that are always the absolute last word

Our operational fighters flew at 340 miles an hour 18 months ago. They exceed 400 miles an hour now. Then we gave our fighters 1,030 horse-power. Today we give them 2,000 horse-power and wait for them to ask for more.

Germany still bombs us with out-of-date civilian machines.

We are pouring out bombers intended only for bombing

Our output would surprise "Jerry" if he knew it. So will the American output.

But he would be more amazed at the Ministry's repair organisation.

Some of those Spitfires you see whisking over you to seek out and fight Messerschmitts were probably wrecks.

Crumpled fabrics become next-to-new machines.

Battered engines are made to tick over as well as the best.

Many of our machines were knocked about in that month in which the Nazis lost more than a thousand machines.

But the Air Ministry repair organisation more than kept pace with the casualties.

I don't want to alarm you, but one branch of this super-efficient Ministry is looking ahead five years.

That is only because "The Beaver" leaves nothing to chance.

He lives for the victory that is coming.

He gives our factory executives no rest. And poor Morris Wilson, the Ministry's buying agent in New York, daren't go far from the trans-Atlantic telephone.

They are glad at the Ministry that 'phone is by radio, for "The Beaver" would frequently fuse the cables.

The Ministry of Aircraft Production team is reined by a hard driver.

But it doesn't mind.

For it wants to get there just as much as he

Swaffer Lifts the Lid

HE KNOWS THE ANSWERS, TOO!

WILL WENDELL WILLKIE'S VISIT HELP?

● Nothing except the visit of President Roosevelt himself—and that would be impossible now—could so have benefited Anglo-American relations.

Willkie is an exceptional man.

Almost unknown as a public figure a year ago, he persuaded more than 22,500,000 people that he should take the place, in the White House, of its most dominant resident since Lincoln.

More than that, he accepted his defeat with a good-humour that endeared him to many who opposed him at the poll.

He came to England to find out what we were doing, what we wanted, how we were standing up to it, and how much our victory depended on United States help.

An official Democrat might be accused of coming here to support White House policy.

Willkie's independence is such that everyone will accept his conclusions.

Then he is such a likeable guy that he could mix here with everybody, from the Premier to the policeman.

And it is because he is a great fellow that his fellow-Americans will hang on his every word.

SHOULD THE CHURCH STAY NEUTRAL?

● There are many ardent war-winners in every religious body.

And there is also a small minority of Pacifists.

Although the Primate cannot divorce his own opinions from the official position he holds, he does not carry with him, for instance, the Bishop of Birmingham, who is a Pacifist.

The heads of the different Free Church groups hold strong anti-German views about the war.

Not one of them speaks for the entire body of the ministers of his denomination.

If Christian ministers were neutral on the war, they would be neutral on such questions as Poverty, Slums, Malnutrition, and every matter that engages public attention.

Their difficulty is that, if they remain silent about reforms, they are accused of saying nothing that matters. If they denounce social inequalities, they are accused of being "political parsons."

They hold an impossible position in a modern world.

SHOULD THE "DAILY WORKER" BE BANNED?

● We are now at war These are not the easy days of peace. Many philosophical ideas with which we had sympathy before the conflict started are now trivial in contrast with the all-important job of defeating an enemy who wants to reduce us all to slavery.

The *Daily Worker* was not suppressed because the Government objected to its opinions. It was shut down because it printed daily misrepresentations of fact, with the deliberate intention of weakening the war effort and spreading disaffection, bringing about a collapse that would enable woolly-minded Communists to climb into power.

If the *Daily Worker* won, Hitler would win.

DO WAR EXPERTS TALK TRIPE?

● The war has exposed, more than almost anything else, the flapdoodle written, spoken and whispered by so-called "experts."

Military experts have contradicted each other ever since the war began.

Winston scored over them beautifully when, challenged over his arms-making policy he reminded the Commons of how, a few weeks before, "our critics were wondering whose was the hidden hand which was shielding Mussolini from British wrath."

Three months after the woefulness, in which nearly every military expert then indulged, we had captured Sidi-Barrani, Bardia and Tobruk.

Military experts theorise.

They do not know that a plan is already being conducted in secrecy.

IN REBUILDING BRITAIN, WHAT SHOULD COME FIRST?

● "Is beauty or efficiency the more important?" I am asked. Intelligent modern architects are trying to combine them.

People who gibe at "functional" designs now being employed in building workshops to give the maximum of air and light are in the habit of comparing them with St. Paul's Cathedral and not with the terrible-looking factories that were hurriedly built during the industrial revolution, and remain horrible blots on North Country landscapes.

Beauty and efficiency can be safeguarded to the greatest possible degree if the Government starts off with a Plan.

Lord Reith's blue-print for post-war rebuilding is the most intelligent document of the kind ever put before a Government.

He has asked for every detail of control except land nationalisation itself.

That is all-important, but it is outside his scope as Minister of Works and Buildings.

What is not generally understood is that buildings we now think beautiful were jeered at when they were built.

"Here's to better times," says Mr. Arthur Gre
task in history—preparing the gigantic reconstru
as A. G. G. says, this is a task not only for the

And A Victo

By A. G. GA

THERE was a pregnant remark in a recent speech by Mr. Churchill which should be deeply considered. He was defining the functions of the new Ministry of Reconstruction, and he said:

"THE SCOPE OF MY RIGHT HON. FRIEND'S TASK . . . HAS REGARD TO NATIONAL UNITY ON THE ONE HAND AND ABOUT THREE YEARS AS A TIME LIMIT ON THE OTHER."

The implications of this remark are obvious. National unity is an essential factor not only in the prosecution of the war but in the pursuit of our peace aims both at home and abroad.

Can that unity be preserved during the war and the critical transition years that will follow? I think it can if we realise all that is at stake.

No student of the war, in calculating our chances, would fail to put the spirit of the people as our chief asset. There has been nothing in our history comparable with the solidarity that prevails in the nation to-day.

This we owe (as we owe so much else) to the wisdom of Mr. Churchill.

Chief Pillar

When in those critical days of May last he came to power, he recognised that Labour must be the chief pillar of his war structure, and he summoned it instantly to play its part in saving the State. Labour responded with eager enthusiasm.

THE RESULT IS THE ASTONISHING RECOVERY OF THE PAST SIX MONTHS. ALL CLASS AND PARTY DISTINCTIONS ARE IN COLD STORAGE, AND THE NATION IS A SOLID PHALANX FUSED WITH ONE PURPOSE AND RESOLUTE AS ONE MAN.

In the last war this was not so. Then the issue was less clear, and the nation less unanimous. There was always a formidable opposition to the war, and within the Government ceaseless intrigue and cross-purposes.

All this gravely weakened our war efforts. And when the war was at last won, there came the disastrous coupon election.

It perpetuated the national divisions and bedevilled the peace. A Parliament of hard-faced men on the make came into power.

Party conflict ran riot, and the greatest creative moment for enlightened statesmanship was largely lost. Then were sown the seeds of the dreadful harvest of to-day.

There were other causes that helped to wreck the peace, of course. For example, the refusal of the United States to stand by the Treaty and the League of Nations. But I am concerned here with our own share in the tragedy.

Preserve Unity

If that tragedy is not to be repeated we must take warning from the past. The national unity must be maintained throughout the war and until the change-over to peace conditions has been sufficiently advanced to warrant the resumption of normal political warfare.

This, I take it, is what was in Mr. Churchill's mind in the words I have quoted.

As to the need for the preservation of national unity while the issue of the war is in the balance, there will be no difference of opinion.

We have already experienced the enormous value of having a united Government backed by a united people. Nor do I think that there is any likelihood, while our peril is so great, of that solidarity being disturbed.

Democratic Faith

This does not mean that criticism is silenced either in Parliament or in the country. Free speech and a free Press are the corner-stone of the democratic faith for which we are waging this war, and never have they been more zealously safeguarded than they are to-day.

But national unity is not only vital as a war measure. It is equally vital as a peace measure. And in that connection it has two aspects.

Mr. Churchill was speaking of it in relation to the vast problem of internal reconstruction, with which Mr. Greenwood's Ministry is concerned.

No one who recalls the years after the last war will doubt the magnitude of that problem.

Then the change-over to peace was like a sequence of earthquakes. Trades crashed like ninepins. Great communities, such as Durham, Lancashire, South Wales, were reduced to beggary and the dole. The number of the unemployed soared to millions.

The financial world was swept by

rthur Greenwood, entrusted with the biggest reconstruction of Britain after the war. But, y for the Government but for a united people

After tory?

. GARDINER

an avalanche of disasters. The trading class, the investing class, the professional class, suffered with the rest.

We were only beginning to recover our feet when Nazidom set the world in a blaze once more.

The consequences of the present war will be even more catastrophic. The scale of expenditure is immeasurably greater.

And added to all the other problems is that of the rebuilding of our wrecked cities, our scarred factories and the millions of the homes of the poor scattered all over the land.

The transition to peace will bring problems as vast and as difficult as those of the war.

THEY MUST BE FACED NOW AND PREPARED FOR NOW WITH FEARLESS COURAGE AND WITH ALL THE MOST EXPERT KNOWLEDGE AT OUR COMMAND.

A New England

We shall have to build a new England in this green and pleasant land, and let us see to it that we build it aright.

But the point here is that when we put into effect the plans for the reconstructions that are being prepared now, the whole nation must be mobilised for the task.

National unity will be as essential for winning the peace then as it is for winning the war now.

And so in regard to the other aspect of this great matter. I refer to the world reconstruction we have in view as the sequel to the victorious end of the war.

The foundation-stone of that reconstruction has been described by Lord Halifax in addressing the American Press representatives. "Our first war aim," he said, "is to win this war, and our main peace aim is, with others, to reconstruct the world so as not to have another."

There has been some ather impatient criticism of the Government for delaying a more detailed and specific declaration. Such a declaration has been under the consideration of a Cabinet Committee, and its publication is imminent. (See "Without Fear or Favour," on page 5.)

Universal Freedom

It will, I hope, address itself to principles rather than attempt a cut-and-dried programme of punishments and territorial revisions.

To Hitler's "New Order" of universal slavery we shall oppose the principle of universal freedom.

To his doctrine of "Might is right" we shall oppose the reign of law and of justice.

Our aim will be to outlaw war, and, having first disarmed Germany, we shall proceed immediately to effect universal disarmament.

The only military force permitted will be that controlled by the Congress of Nations for the policing of the world and for the repression of the Hitlers and Mussolinis of the future.

The world authority we shall seek to set up will be open on equal terms to all nations which renounce war and which accept such modifications of national sovereignty as the renunciation of war as an instrument of policy makes necessary.

It is on such lines as these that we should summon the free peoples of the world to our banner.

BUT TO TRANSLATE OUR POLICY INTO DEEDS WE MUST HAVE BEHIND IT THE INFLEXIBLE WILL OF THE WHOLE NATION.

A People's Peace

This is a People's War. When it is won it must be crowned with a People's Peace—a real peace, a final peace.

It is not enough to lift the curse of Hitlerism from this generation. It must be lifted for ever. No price is too high to pay which will deliver mankind from this recurrent terror.

And a part of that price is that we should preserve our national unity. We must not go into the Peace Conference torn with factions and hag-ridden by a shameful coupon election.

We must go in with a clear policy and a determined purpose, backed by the authority of a victorious and united nation.

Let us pass a self-denying ordinance upon ourselves until this great peril is overpast, and civilised life is established securely on earth.

We have discovered that, threatened with destruction, we can fight a war as one man. Let us show that we can fight for peace as one man.

Let there be a truce to all party conflict, not only until Hitler is destroyed, but until Hitlerism in all its dark Satanic shapes is buried deep beyond the power of resurrection.

Hats Off to Young Britain!

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

WE think a lot about children in this country. We create costly evacuation plans to send them to safe areas; we spend huge sums on schools; we look after their health.

At times we criticise them.

Rarely do we praise.

It is considered somewhat un-English to bestow praise.

We regard praise as something fulsome, something that might make them swollen-headed.

But I'm going to risk that.

* * *

I was sitting in a school examination during the last war when German shells fell on the Hartlepools, about eight or nine miles away.

The noise of the explosions came rumbling into the hall, and we looked at one another more in amazement than in fear.

The children of the last war had, with few exceptions, none of the bombing horrors to endure that children of London and other "blitzed" cities have experienced.

And the way the children have endured is worthy of praise.

A teacher of many years' experience spent in many different areas writes to tell me how impressed she has been by the grit shown by young children who come from poor homes and whose health is far from first-rate.

* * *

A small girl in one class said when the "alert" sounded:

"Well, Hitler's not going to spoil my sums."

And he didn't.

When another "alert" went a boy said contemptuously to the teacher:

"Oh, miss, is he going to start that nonsense again?"

This boy went to help a man sound the alarm for the fire brigade when incendiaries were falling.

These children are just outside the evacuation area.

Soldiers are camped near the school; anti-aircraft batteries, 150 yards away, poke their noses to the sky; and there is a large armament works half a mile away.

The children hear the guns by night and day.

Although they spend hours in the shelter at night, they arrive on the tick of nine in the morning.

According to my informant, there are no roof spotters and no word of imminent danger reaches the teachers.

Shelters have been flooded for weeks. During "alerts" they carry on in the classrooms and use common sense by ducking under desks if bombs are close.

These children and their parents were not given the chance to evacuate to safer areas. Called a neutral area by the authorities, the district in which the children carry on is decidedly dangerous.

That they have carried on so superbly in the face of bombing; that their display of spirited courage and grit would shame some adults I know is cheering news.

* * *

It proves that the stock of our land is running true to breed—that breed which just grins at the *Luftwaffe's* attempts to intimidate.

But it is wrong that this fine, raw material should be endangered.

The youth of the land is the greatness of the country tomorrow; that it should be exposed unnecessarily to danger is stupid.

They are having a tough time.

Some of the customary joys of childhood are denied them.

They get no school concerts, no matches, little playtime. But they hear the unholy music of the bombs and the sharp bark of "A.-A." guns.

The spirit of these children is probably also shown by children in other neutral areas, which have felt the force of the London "blitz."

* * *

That their lives are dull and harassed because of the raids must be admitted.

That they should be refused the right to live away from peril seems hardly credible.

But, whatever they do, they deserve our praise, our cheers.

So it's Hats off to Young Britain!

FRY'S COCOA as a food

(1) FOR CHILDREN

You never have to persuade children to drink Fry's 'because it is good for them'. They clamour for it because they love its rich, chocolate flavour. But Fry's Cocoa is far more than a pleasant drink. It is a real food as well, packed with nourishment and energy. As a nightcap, Fry's Cocoa is warming, soothing, and helps to give the children sound and refreshing sleep.

Fry's Cocoa makes every meal go further—an important consideration in these days of rationing. It is also one of the few foods that have come down in price since the war, thus bringing within the reach of countless families a most valuable addition to their diet.

FRY'S

The cocoa with the real chocolate flavour

5D A QUARTER-POUND

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3% SAVINGS BONDS

The PEARL gives you, through the new POLICY, an opportunity to:—

HELP YOUR COUNTRY;

BUY YOUR BONDS by yearly, half-yearly or quarterly payments;

SECURE COVER against War Risks;

CLAIM INCOME TAX ABATEMENT in respect of your payments.

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PEARL ASSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED

High Holborn, London, W.C.1

For my information only, please supply quotation assuming that I wish to secure £..... of 3% Savings Bonds and that my age next birthday will be .....

Name .....

Please state whether Mr. Mrs. or Miss.

Address .....

63. J B. 8/2/41.

COLDS & 'FLU are quickly banished by Cephos

THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form at 1/8 and 3/8. SINGLE DOSE (*Prices include Purchase Tax*). 2½D

PHOSFERINE helps in long spells of duty

"The work upon which I have been engaged has necessitated a continuous series of long periods of duty with very little sleep, and my health suffered. I have used Phosferine on several occasions during times of strain, and again found that not only did it enable me to carry on during this long period without ill effects, but that it restored my nervous energy, and after taking Phosferine I felt quite myself again. Phosferine has been a very good friend to me. I shall continue to use it."

(*Signed*) J. Wilson,
London, S.W.1

The very first dose of Phosferine starts the famous tonic action. Within 15 minutes you begin to derive benefit.

PHOSFERINE (*Tablets or Liquid*) 1/5, 3/5, 5/8, (*Including Purchase Tax*)

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly 4 times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anaemia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

WARNING. THE PUBLIC IS WARNED AGAINST PURCHASING WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY

Bramble Can Take It!

By W. A. SWEENEY

MR. BRAMBLE yawned, sipped some tea and began to open his morning mail.

Nothing very interesting. Some letters asking for money on various pretexts from frank mendacity to "business opportunities"; a few prospectuses which Mr. Bramble tore up unread, and——

Ah!

His attention was suddenly aroused by a dirty-looking, somewhat battered postcard.

Written in red ink (or it might have been blood) were the words:

WATCH OUT ON MARCH THE THIRD.

He gazed at this thoughtfully.

Never before had he received an anonymous letter, and this frowsy-looking postcard caused him a mild disturbance.

A bad joke, doubtless.

Then he held the card closer to his eyes to examine a red stain.

"It's blood!" he muttered, and for a moment felt faint.

The postmark on this mysterious warning was Holborn, and he reflected that he knew nobody in Holborn except his dentist and an old lady connected with a dogs' hostel, neither of whom was likely to send him bloodstained postcards as a joke.

He was about to go upstairs and tell his wife about it when he paused.

No, better not. Joke or no joke, it might worry her.

Mr. Bramble had guests for dinner that evening. He was home early and arrived just as the postman came with the evening mail.

There was another postcard for him. This time it was a picture card; a young man of angelic regularity of features was bending over a girl in gloves that came up to her elbows, and underneath was the inscription, "Love's Young Dream."

The date of this pictorial tenderness, from the dress of the couple, was about 1914.

Mr. Bramble turned it over. Yes, it was addressed to him, and beside the address, in ignoble handwriting, was

WATCH OUT ON MARCH THE THIRD.

During dinner that evening he was pale and distracted in his manner, and his guests commented on it. He excused himself on the grounds of slight indisposition, and went to bed early.

His sleep was peopled with sinister nightmares. He dreamt through every disaster that could happen to him on March the third. His car ran away with him, crashed through walls into the river, and as he came up gasping to the surface of the water he was hailed by a volley of bullets from invisible gangsters.

A bomb also blew his house to smithereens, delicately detaching his arms and legs, and when he was about to cry protestingly, "Don't throw my left leg in the dustbin, I want it!" he was gently awakened by early morning tea and the morning's post.

Mr. Bramble held the card over the flame of a candle and, like Belshazzar reading the warning on the wall, he saw come into visibility the old caution about March the third

There was a postcard for him, this time representing a lady leaning out of a train and waving farewell in the enormous hat and habiliments of the Edwardian era. Underneath ran the poetic legend, "Though for a while we have to part, Forever you are in my heart."

On the train door, in red ink and not so nicely written as the printed poetry, was the familiar adjuration to watch out on March the third.

POSTCARDS came every day. The writer indulged in variations. "On March the third, watch out!" "On the third of March, watch!" "March the third—attention!" He even broke into verse:

"This is a warning in a word,
Open your eyes on March the third."

Mr. Bramble began to count the days till March the third—like a soldier counting how many more days he has left of his leave.

Then came a card on which was inscribed, "Written with invisible ink. To read, warm at a candle flame." He did so and, like Belshazzar reading the writing on the wall, he saw come into visibility the old caution about March the third.

A private detective whom he consulted advised him to watch everybody in close contact with him, whereupon Mr. Bramble suspected everybody in his household and office, even old Mr. Croker, who had been coming to his house for years and whose prophet's voice, cavernous and suggesting sobs, always seemed to be announcing a calamity.

He went round to see Croker and found him anxious, uneasy-looking, with his parchment-pale, lugubrious face and the enormous cyst which he had had for years on the back of his neck.

"It's for March the third," moaned Croker, after a funereal handshake as of condolences.

"*What!*" Mr. Bramble nearly screamed. "What is?"

"My cyst," said Croker, looking at him in slight surprise. "I'm having it removed on the third of March, next Tuesday; going into Paul's hospital on the evening of the second. I don't like operations, but I've decided. . . ."

Finally, after alternate periods of hope and terror, calm and fear, came the night of March the second. Mrs. Bramble had a cold and went to bed early, and her husband sat before the fire, determined to stay up all night. March the third began at midnight.

Near his doorway a private detective patrolled up and down and would do so till morning. Mr. Bramble, a revolver in his pocket, sat listening for any unwonted sound, nerves keyed up to breaking-point.

Midnight. As the last stroke of the clock died away he murmured, "Well, here we are on March the third." The hours passed and at length Mr. Bramble fell asleep in the armchair in front of the fire

When he awoke it was day, a nice day. As he stood watching the dawn from his window the thought came to him that a dawn was like a birth. Indeed, he thought, it was a birth, each day being a life, the morning being infancy, the afternoon youth, twilight the decline, and night—death.

He looked at himself in the mirror, astonished at such thoughts. He was changed, thinner, and his eyes were unusually bright.

THE street was waking up. He saw a baker's boy arrive with the bread. As he was carrying it from his conveyance to Mr. Bramble's door he dropped a loaf in the mud and a dog approached and smelt it.

The baker's boy hit the dog neatly over the head with the loaf (it was a special loaf for Mr. Bramble, of which he was particularly fond) and carried it to the door, whistling, without even wiping it.

Mr. Bramble saw the postman come to the front gate and the maid run down to meet him.

She held them up to try and see what was inside them by the transparency of the envelopes, and then he saw her slip one into the pocket of her apron.

He went downstairs to her.

"I don't want that bread," he said, "but I'll take the letters. Is this all?"

"That's all, sir."

"I saw you slip one in your pocket."

The girl looked confused.

"Let me see it, please," said Mr. Bramble, firmly.

The letter was for his daughter, upstairs asleep, and Mr. Bramble opened it.

Yes, it was from a young scallywag whom he had forbidden his house and with whom he had forbidden her to communicate. He would attend to that later, he decided, as he put the letter in his pocket.

He went up to his wife's room to tell her about their daughter, the first time for years he had entered her room at that hour of the morning.

A dreadful spectacle awaited him.

Her face swathed in what looked like bandages, Mrs. Bramble lay as if in death, hardly any of her countenance visible.

"What in heaven's name's the matter?" gasped her husband, pale. "What's happened to you?"

"Nothing's happened to me," snapped Mrs. Bramble, muffledly, through the bandages. "This is treatment to do away with wrinkles."

Something prompted Mr. Bramble to pay an unexpected early visit to his office.

He found nobody there yet except the cashier, and that gentleman was on his knees before the safe, whose contents he was deftly stowing away in an attaché-case.

Mr. Bramble had come just in time.

EVENING found him strongly refreshed, talking to the private detective he had hired for his protection.

"We've just made a discovery," said the investigator

"Other people have been receiving those cards—thousands of them. In my opinion it's a publicity stunt, though we should have to trace them and prove it to make a row about it. Look at this."

He crossed to the window and pointed.

Opposite was an enormous hoarding. Flaring posters announced, with pictures, the arrival of Bunger's World-famous Circus

In giant lettering ran the words at the top:

"Watch out to-day, March the third! Bunger's Circus has arrived! This is a day in your history! March the third! Attention!"

Mr. Bramble smiled and nodded.

"That looks like it. They have a nerve, eh? Well, I don't think I'd kick up a row with them for worrying me, even if I could. Not now. . . ."

The day from midnight last night had certainly been interesting.

Mr. Bramble had learned many things in a short space of time: about the contemplation of nature in the early morning, about bakers' boys and servants, about women and their vanities and deceptiveness, about men who are untrustworthy.

"Well, I'm much obliged to you," he said to the private detective next day.

"Not at all. Nothing happened, anyway."

Mr. Bramble put his hand on the other's shoulder and said solemnly:

"My friend, remember this and profit by it: something always happens when one learns to watch out!"

Old Comrades —

know that

Cherry Blossom Boot Polish

gives a shine like Patent Leather

In Black, Tonette, Dark Tan Stain, etc.

Don't say you're still *boiling* clothes!

The new no-boil method is quicker, cheaper, easier, and makes gloomy Monday pass like a flash.

WHAT'S your plan on wash-days? Do you get up earlier in preparation for a long, gruelling day? Do you get the fire going under the copper ready to give your whites the boiling of their lives?

Oh, madam, you *are* behind the times!

To boil clothes these days is as old-fashioned as red-flannel underwear. Boiling has been proved absolutely unnecessary—even for the dirtiest whites.

. . . as old-fashioned as red-flannel underwear

Believe it or Not

You may not believe this. Lots of women didn't. But they thought they might as well try out the no-boil method. Now they declare they'll never boil their clothes again.

To do the wash by this new modern way, you sort out the less-dirty of the whites and you let them *soak* in warm Rinso suds for 15 minutes with the heat on. You don't do any hard rubbing—they come snowy clean without.

Soaking Does It

Then you take the very dirty whites and you let them soak for 20 minutes in the same suds.

When they're on the line you'll swear your whites have never looked cleaner. And you'll never have felt so full of pep yourself. It's the hard rubbing that takes it out of you so on washdays, but there's none of that with the Rinso method.

All-round Saving

And just think what you save besides. First, the time. It has been proved you can get a family wash of 50 articles done 1½ hours sooner than you could with the old method. Then there's the fuel saving. You save half the coal or three-quarters of the gas you normally use. And then you save the clothes themselves because it's boiling and hard rubbing that wears them out.

Careful tests made over a period of time show that household linen lasts 6 to 8 months longer, and shirts 4 months longer when they're washed the Rinso no-boil way

Time for Leisure

Why don't you try it next washday? You have nothing to lose and so much to gain. And think how marvellous it would be to get all the washing done early on Mondays, so that you've time and energy for other things in the afternoon. Actually, too, you'll find plenty of uses for the money you save on fuel every washday!

Rinso costs 3½d., 6d., and giant size 1/-. And remember, you don't need to use anything else with it.

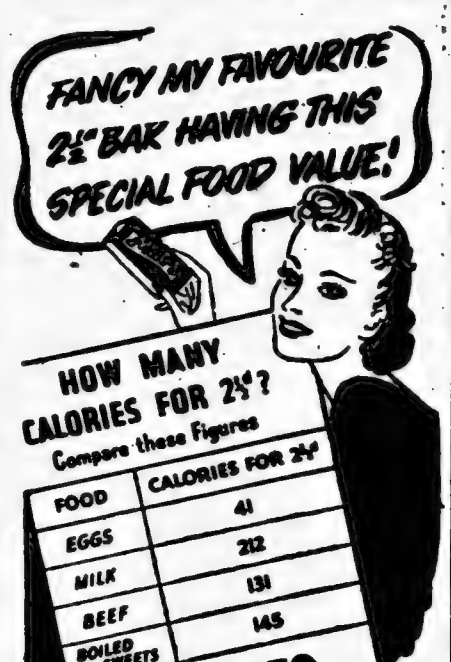
. . . you'll never have felt so full of pep

FREE ADVICE

If you come up against any difficulties in washing—woollens shrinking, colours running, etc.—tell the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories all about it and they'll be able to help you. Nothing's too much trouble for them. When you write, give all the details such as materials, colour and how you washed the garment. Address: Miss Spencer, Rinso Wash-Testing Laboratories, Bebington, Ches.

Rinso soaks clothes clean

R3045-332 *R. S. Hudson Limited, London*



Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

DURING THE BLACK OUT

KEEP ALL THE FAMILY HAPPY . . .

Play RILEY BILLIARDS and ensure relaxation.

9/- DOWN

brings delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table.

Now more than ever it is essential to provide healthy entertainment at home. There is nothing like Riley Billiards to ensure this. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Carr. paid. Pay Balance Monthly. Buy NOW before prices increase.

A size for every room.

WRITE for ART LIST

E. J. RILEY Ltd., Anson Works, ACCRINGTON.

The Flight-Sergeant

by Kolynos!

From all Chemists and Stores at 2/2, 1/3 & 7½d. per tube. (Incl. Purchase Tax)

The Flight-Sergeant's language is not always what it should be—particularly when he loses his Kolynos or somebody else appropriates it. "Wouldn't be without it for worlds," he says, "There's nothing like Kolynos to freshen up your mouth and keep your teeth in A.1 condition." Care in personal appearance is often a short cut to promotion. Don't let the condition of your teeth be taken as evidence against you. To keep them really clean and white use Kolynos, the protective, cleansing and refreshing tooth paste.

Germolene

Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

ENDED HIS DISFIGUREMENT

"I suffered with Cellulitis of the face and tried various treatments without benefit. I lost nights of sleep and was advised to see a specialist. After trying Germolene my cure was rapid"
—J. D., Bishop's Stortford.

Doubly Wonderful *Germolene!* Throbbing pain dies away, smarting is soothed, "itching" and "burning" banished! Unhealthy matter is cleared away—the spread of disease arrested. Smooth supple skin heals over cleansed, healthy flesh.

Germolene The World's Greatest Healer. Sold Everywhere 7d., 1/5, 3/5 & 13/8 Per Tin. (*Including Purchase Tax.*)

Instant relief from

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS **7½D & 1/3** PLUS TAX

Voice of the People

SURELY the laudable gesture of employers who "make up" Army pay is a curb on ambition.

Promotion to a higher rank merely means that a man's expenses are increased. For the amount he receives from the employer is automatically reduced by the amount of extra service pay he draws.

Hence many men dodge the responsibility of higher rank.—Mrs. E. M. Adams, Clavell Road (number indecipherable; please write), Liverpool, 19.

Comment of an infantry sergeant-major was that three men in five have no desire for high rank, although possibly excellent soldiers. Many of them have good civilian jobs to which they can return. When a man has military ambitions, the question of £ s. d. doesn't hold him back.

What Do They Know?

How little of all that the schoolchild is taught concerns the United States.

How few children have any idea of its geography, its history, its commerce, of anything that has happened there since the Boston tea-party.

Yet what a lot America means to us to-day.

And how much nearer radio, and particularly television, bring us together after the war.

I know the youngsters learn something about the United States from the films they see—but what stuff it is!—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Idle Prisoners

During the last war German prisoners were used on the land.

This time they are kept in idleness. Yet the food problem is greater this time.

Any reason?—G. T., Highdown Road, Hove.

Germans have employed prisoners of war for building trenches and other fortifications and ploughing the land.

Our Fourth Line

I watch with alarm the war-time deterioration of sport.

It is essential to the welfare of the nation that it should be recognised as part of our national existence, like eating or drinking. It might almost be termed our fourth line of defence.

Yet look how it is restricted.

Sport is the medicine we all need.

People who are working hard and fighting hard need—in the little leisure they are allowed—to be able to play hard.

Besides, sport confers fitness—and fitness is more essential than ever nowadays.—Frank Beaumont, Peashill Road, Nottingham.

Help the Drivers

JOHN BULL tells a reader how *not* to signal a car to stop if he is hoping for a lift.

Going back from leave, I made the mistake of giving a motorist a last-minute signal as he was going downhill at speed.

He braked hard to oblige me, then couldn't restart. He had smashed up the transmission gear.

All my sorrow was powerless to help him one bit.—A. C. Watt, R.A.F., Somewhere in England.

Some motor-car parts are unprocurable. May not be procurable again till the end of the war. So be reasonable, and signal motorists when they are 150 yards away.

Petulant Thickhead

There is no point in putting up posters urging men to work like fury while expert mechanics are being "stood off" for minor offences.

A man well known to me was compelled to arrive a quarter of an hour late at a munition factory.

Delayed by weather conditions, he had made a terrific effort to get there in time.

Petulant authority sent him home for the rest of the day.

Such action is childish in peace time. In war time I would have another name for it.—Charles Leonard, Annandale Street, Edinburgh.

It's No Use Trying!

It is easy to waste food in the Army, but hard to economise.

I doubt whether it is in the power of any one man to effect savings.

An officer cut our bread ration by half a slice a man at meal-time, and the men were quite satisfied with the arrangement.

But the same quantity of bread kept arriving with supplies.

Result was a store-house full of stale, uneatable bread.—Corporal P. L., Somewhere in England.

Food Hoarding

Surely, in the event of invasion, it is going to be a good thing for the authorities to know there are food supplies in pretty well every house.

I not only think that the person who has put food into reserve has done a national duty, but I also think that the person who can't afford a reserve should be given a fortnight's supplies, just as he is given a gas-mask and Anderson shelter.—D. J. W., Crofton Road, E.13.

JOHN BULL urged this months ago when the Food Minister said that the more widely food is distributed the safer it is.

This is Your feature a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

What's the Answer?

PRESIDENT of the Board of Education said that we do not bomb German schools because the teaching is so poor that it would be a pity to stop it.

Surely it is by Educational methods that Hitler plants the seeds of a new Nazi generation.

If we are *really* fighting the system rather than the German people, we ought to do all we can to prevent the propagation of the Nazi creed.

I do not like reprisals, but I do like logical reasons for not resorting to them.—Rev. R. C. Mace, "Cullen House," Regent Street, Stoke-on-Trent.

Monocled Mr. Ramsbotham needs some education himself!

Own "Insurance"

Our street, situated in the most congested part of a "blitzed" town, has its own insurance scheme.

Every resident pays 3d. a week.

The first month brought in £12.

If a householder has his home destroyed or damaged he receives enough money for his immediate expenses.

Several members have already been helped, so don't please let the enemy know where his bombs dropped by publishing my street.—Mrs. Crabb, a South-West Town.

Something In This

It is obvious why so many soldiers have to peel potatoes despite Lord Woolton's appeal to spare the skins.

They receive potatoes like those that are sold to me.

I peel them because there is no great dietetic value in warts, wormholes, cracks and sundry other blemishes.—C. W. M., Tollcross, Glasgow, E.2.

Hitler's Favourites

Searching newspaper files, I find that Hitler has made seventy public speeches since 1933.

The two nouns he has referred to most often have been mentioned 492 times and 378 times, respectively.

You'd never guess them. They are "Peace" and "Honour."—R. H., Llanbedr, Conway, Caernarvonshire.

In Search of a Title

Title deeds stored in solicitors' offices have been lost as a result of the "blitz."

These have to be replaced at considerable expense.

The Law Society should at once seek Parliamentary powers to re-establish the title to property by a statutory declaration by a competent person.

It would give owners and subsequent purchasers a "good title" and save enormous expense.—Cyril Horner, Adelaide Road, Walton-on-Thames, Surrey.

Looking After Them

JOHN BULL reader mentions a tenement that has collected £41 19s. for lads from the flats who have joined the Services, and asks "Can it be beaten?"

The sixty boys from the little village of Thorpe, near Wakefield, have in the last twelve months each received from the villagers four 10s. postal orders, a £1 Christmas-box, and sundry comforts.

There is a £100 special fund to help the relatives of men serving with the Forces who fall on adversity.

Despite all this, there is a substantial balance in hand for further help to soldiers, sailors and airmen.—A. E. Wade, Fall Lane, East Ardsley, Wakefield.

All Wrong, But—

Advertisement in a local shop: Old Newspapers for Sale for Fire Lighting, 4 for 1d.

Surely a better use could be found for paper than burning it, in these days when it is so important to save cargo space.—A. R., Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

JOHN BULL condemns the waste of paper, but there would be far less of it if there were more common-sense distribution of the wood from destroyed buildings.

Wasting Her Time

I am an expert riveter who hasn't had a real day's work to do in three months. I could have riveted about nine pairs of fighter wings, yet we keep on appealing to the United States for her expert assistance.

I am an expert. But I spend my time sorting out rivets. And I am not the only one.—A. C. O'Leary, Cromwell Road, Hounslow, Middlesex.

Better Tell 'em

Perhaps you will understand how I felt when I read that the crew of a German bomber, shot down after discharging its load, had been rescued by lifeboat, and taken by ambulance to hospital.

Yet my husband, while making bombed houses habitable, fell and injured his back. He was removed to hospital by ambulance, and two days later we received an application from the Public Assistance Committee for 7s. 6d. ambulance fee, to be paid within eight days.—Hilda McGill, Great Western Street, Moss Side, Manchester.

Manchester Public Assistance Committee probably doesn't know there's a war on.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2s. 6d. is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—"He had the distinction of being the only Indian ruling PRICE in recent years to have his powers enlarged by the British Government, who became impressed with his ability."

ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS:—"The strike was called in protest against the dismissal of all Jewish Civil Servants ordered by the Nazi Commissioner in SCOTLAND."

MIDLAND DAILY TRIBUNE:—"It is hoped in S—— that contracts will be placed with the larger FIRES in the borough."

YORKSHIRE EVENING POST:—"We barred the path of the brazen horde to world domination, said Sir Robert. Hence the sound and fury and SABLE-RATTLING, alternating with sapping and burrowing, and subtler propaganda and more covert preparations for war."

NORTH WESTERN DAILY MAIL:—". . . with her sister . . . as DUELLISTS sang with fervour and spirit."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"Whole question of production will be investigated by a committee PROVIDED over by . . ."

EVENING CITIZEN (GLASGOW):—"Now seems certain that there will be no football in Scotland on Christmas day ON January 2."

Sneezing? Feverish?

STOP COLDS 'FLU CHILLS for 2½d

Stop those colds and chills or that early 'flu attack by invoking the aid of *Beechams Powders*. What wonderful relief! All unpleasant symptoms stop. That heavy cold dries up. That headachy feeling vanishes. The shivering stops. The first 'flu symptoms are "nipped in the bud".

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2½D EACH

(Including Purchase Tax)

ASTHMA SPASMS Arrested in 30 seconds

The unique power of Do-Do (brand) Asthma Tablets (1) to arrest the most severe coughing spasm in 30 seconds or less, and (2) to give freedom from further attacks for 24 hours or longer, is due to two facts. Do-Do tablets provide, in a perfectly balanced form, a combination of mucous-dissolving, soothing and healing medicaments found in no other single asthma remedy, at any price. They are so perfectly prepared that they break up instantly when swallowed. Do-Do will positively smash a bad attack in far less time than it takes you to read these words.

Though described as Do-Do Asthma Tablets, they are of the utmost value in cases of Bronchitis, Bronchial Catarrh, Coughs and all conditions of difficult breathing. Do-Do Asthma Tablets are still freely obtainable from Qualified Chemists everywhere, at 1s. (7 Full Doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size) and 10s. 6d. (17 times the 1s. size).

With Purchase Tax the prices are 1s. 1½d., 3s. 4½d., *and* 11s. 10d. *respectively.*

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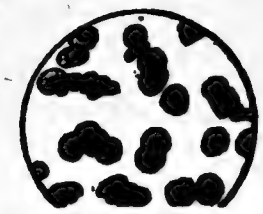
Resist Winter Ills with IRON Strength!

Winter is here, and cold and influenza germs are massed for the attack. In bus and tube, in shelter and cinema, in office and workroom, street, and home itself, they are searching for those whose defences are too weak to resist them. Begin to build up your IRON-STRENGTH at once! Start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal.* IRON 'JELLOIDS' will give you IRON-STRONG resistance to winter ills!

Soon you will begin to notice a steady improvement in your energy and vitality. Fortified with IRON-STRENGTH you will be able to face the ordeals and exposures of this wartime winter with iron-strong defensive and recuperative power. Mr. —— writes: "*Iron 'Jelloids' are simply wonderful! I haven't had even a suspicion of a cold or 'flu, and I feel ten times fitter and stronger.*"

Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The small size lasts 10 days, the large size 36 days.



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Your blood is the battlefield where germs must be defeated. If you are iron-starved your blood is weak and unable to destroy invading germs.

Iron-strong Blood

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Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (*containing quinine*). For WOMEN: No. 2.

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The word 'Jelloids' is registered. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

'A pipe and slippers man'

This homely 'title' certainly fits me .... but whilst there's not much time for slippers to-day, there's still that grand tobacco "Digger" to fill the old pipe ..... a tasty lasting smoke if there ever was one.

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

1/5½D PER OZ.

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LATEST SCIENTIFIC DISCOVERY GIVES QUICK RELIEF

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NO BATTERIES—NO WIRES—NO UPKEEP

THIS WEEK 20/- Single 35/- Pair Instead of £4 4 0

The Greatest small Deaf Aid yet designed. Can be worn *out of sight* behind the ear. No headband. Clear natural tone. Sells at the phenomenally low price of 35/- for a pair and 20/- for a single. The greatest bargain ever. SEND NO MONEY.

FREE 30 Days' Free Home Trial

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Before the war you never knew what it was to have indigestion. Now you get burning pain and distressing wind after every meal. That's because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this needless misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat tins for the pocket. Also family sizes. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

HENRY TAKES THE PLUNGE

In this Tale of the Turf, told to "John Bull's" racing correspondent by a jockey, you learn the inside story of a gambling "mug" who was saved from disgrace

YOU could search the regimental messes throughout Britain and I'll wager you couldn't find an officer so handsome, so faultlessly turned out as Henry Smith (although that wasn't his real name).

Tall, fair, and blue-eyed, he would have been a credit to any fighting unit in the world.

You never saw a spot on his uniform; his shoes, his belt, his buttons were as bright as his sunny temperament.

Now I liked Henry.

He had plenty of dough and knew how to spend it.

He had a few horses in training with a pal of mine, but they weren't top-notchers.

I met Henry and his girl one night in a Piccadilly restaurant.

Henry could pick 'em.

Kitty was a lovely creature, but that night her beauty was marred by a frown that puckered her brow.

Henry had been looking on the wine. He was talking too much, and laughing too loudly at his own jokes. But below his gay talk I sensed an undercurrent of strain.

He'd been playing the horses and shooting dice, he confessed, and had lost a packet to his pals.

I didn't worry much, for a man who regularly had £500 bets on outsiders that never had a chance shouldn't mind losing more dough.

Issy was Worried

A night or two later I was buttonholed in the Monico by my pal Issy, the moneylender.

Issy looked worried.

"Jimmy," he said, "young Smith's a pal of yours, isn't he?"

"Yes," I said. "Why? What's happened? Has he left you holding the baby?"

"Not exactly," replied Issy, "but he borrowed a couple of thousand some time ago and his last three instalments are overdue."

I put Issy's mind at ease; told him Henry seemed to have plenty of cash behind him, and that I was sure he would settle.

But after I'd left Issy I felt a bit worried. So I went to see George, my trainer pal, and asked him straight out how much Henry owed him.

"Oh, about £300," said George, adding anxiously, "There's nothing wrong, is there?"

I dodged the question, parried it with another.

"Can't any of those hacks of Henry's win anything?"

"Well, there's Rosebud," began George, doubtfully. "But he's no flier. Might be good for a bumpers' (amateur riders') race, with Henry up.

"I did hear he pulled off a couple of small races as a two-year-old. . . ."

That gave me an idea which I thought might put Henry back in the dough and banish that frown from Kitty's lovely face.

It meant persuading Henry that he had a winner in Rosebud if he rode him in a bumper.

"I know he pulls a bit," I encouraged, "but if you take hold of him for a mile he's got an excellent chance.

"Besides, I know just the race for four-year-olds that would suit him to a T. It's the mile and a half at Lingfield.

"There's a run down the hill into the straight that just fits a horse like Rosebud, which hasn't the heart to run if tackled."

Henry seized on the idea. He had to. It was his only chance to get out of a mess.

So all I had to do was to concentrate on Rosebud's opposition—Black Oak and Travaila—two horses that were away out of their class in a race like this.

Black Oak belonged to a good amateur rider. Travaila was the property of a gentleman trainer who was always broke.

Money Came First

I have a chat with them both, discover they are both keen on running, but both would rather add to their bank accounts than cut each other's throat.

Having laid my powder, I concentrated on the amateur rider, Larry, who had the reputation of being a bit of a scorcher, and not averse to a little on the side.

"Why not fix it with Ned (the gentleman trainer)?" I suggested. "You can't both win, and it's the only way you can both clean up."

Next night Larry telephoned to say everything was O.K. Ned was to have the stake, both of them backing Black Oak.

"Good," I told him, "now drop round to my place to-night, there's something you ought to know."

When he arrived I told him about Henry and about the girl he was engaged to, and how she would break her heart when she learnt that darling Henry was not only broke, but on the verge of disgrace!

"That's why Rosebud must win," I urged. "He'll get twenties for his horse, if both you and Ned run against him. That will give him a thousand or two to start life afresh."

Larry hummed and hawed, and puffed at his pipe.

"But what about Ned?" he protested.

"Poor Ned," I sympathised, "you'll have to cut him up, of course. But you can be clever. Just get beaten by a neck or something and swear you ran a bad race."

Larry Decides

Larry was still looking moody.

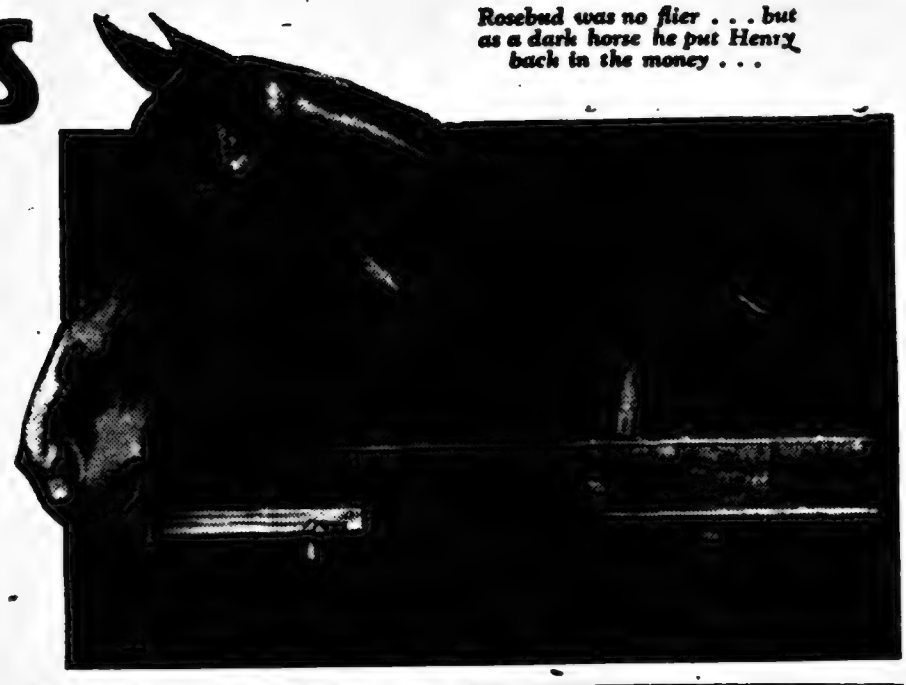
Then something struck him as funny, and he smiled.

"O.K. I'm in," he agreed. "There's just one thing, though. How much does this fellow Smith know?"

"Nothing," I argued. "To him racing is just a game played with beautiful horses and kindly old gents who act as stewards."

In the West End I contacted Henry and spent an hour or two persuading him to put £200 on his horse.

Finally he was convinced and handed me the money.



Rosebud was no flier . . . but as a dark horse he put Henry back in the money . . .

I spread it around a bit in fivers and tenners, for bookies are wide men. They have been caught on bumpers' races before.

There were seven runners in the race and Rosebud stood out from the field. He was a big brown chestnut, with a wicked eye and his own ideas about racing.

"Drive your horse hell for leather," I told Henry, "use the whip if you have to, and come down the hill for all you are worth. Do that and you'll win. . . ."

I strolled back to the stands, passing Bob Duffy, who returns the prices.

"How much Rosebud?" I asked him.

"Thirty-threes," he told me.

They're off!

Through race glasses I watched the horses leave the barrier. A big hunter type of horse, in a crimson jacket, took up the running. Henry had a tight grip on Rosebud and was lying third.

Rosebud Ahead

On the approach of the hill it happened. Rosebud shot out ahead, travelling like a well-oiled machine, while a blur of colour pelted along behind.

Soon it was twenty lengths in front and there was pandemonium. But the race was not over yet.

Larry and Ned set out after him and the crowd along the rails began to shout.

"Can he do it?" I wondered.

Ned dropped out as by arrangement, but Larry was catching up.

At the straight Larry was only a dozen lengths behind.

The distance narrowed. Two lengths! A length!

Then racing neck and neck they passed the post, locked together.

There was a moment of tension while the numbers were hoisted on the frame.

Number 6! Henry had won!

Kitty fainted in my arms!

When I left the course Larry and Ned were having a bitter argument, but two young people, soon to be married, were the happiest couple in the world.

I paid Henry his money, about £6,000. And I said to him: "Now settle up with Issy. You don't want people like that going around the West End telling everyone you're broke."

Henry looked surprised.

"You knew?" he gasped.

"Sure I knew," I told him grimly, "and you'd better quit racing. It's no game for a mug like you."

I met Issy after he had got his money.

"I always take people as I find them till I find them out," I told him.

"And a very good motto too," winked Issy. "What'll you have . . . ?"

NEXT WEEK: Peter Takes the Rap

Killed while Fire-Fighting

MR. CLIFFORD RICHARD FARDON, of the Midlands Auxiliary Fire Service, was fatally hurt while fire-fighting during an air raid.

He left a widow and a five-year-old son.

As he was a registered reader of JOHN BULL, his widow has benefited by our Free Air Raid Insurance.

She says:

"The prompt way in which you dealt with my claim has made me grateful, and I shall always recommend JOHN BULL for square dealing and prompt payment."

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment.

This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

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You need not re-register unless you have changed your address or your newsagent.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to JOHN BULL'S Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

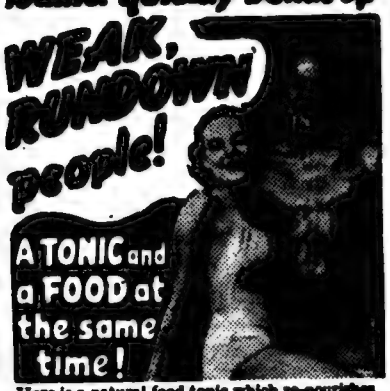
Somebody once wrote that "For one that big misfortunes slay, Ten die of little worries." An overstatement, perhaps—and perhaps not.

But why worry, anyhow? Whatever your trouble, you can ease your mind by telling us about it. What is more, we will advise you on any matter—other than medical—you may care to submit to us.

We have a number of experts in their particular subjects, and you have our assurance that no enquiry is too big or too small to receive attention at our hands.

No charge is made for advice. Write to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and send a stamped addressed envelope with your enquiry.

How Amazing Sea Plant Rich in Minerals & FOOD Iodine, quickly builds up WEAK, RUNDOWN people!



Here is a natural food tonic which re-nourishes your system with a daily ration of vital Mineral Salts and Vitamins.

Your body must have an adequate daily supply of the life-giving Mineral Salts . . . must have Food Iodine and Vitamin B. Vikelp gives you all these precious elements so vital to health—so vital to life itself.

There is a tremendous concentrated food value in Vikelp Brand Tablets, too. For instance, a week's supply gives you as much Calcium as 20 lbs. of Lettuce—as much Phosphorus as in 15 eggs—as much Iron as in 126 lbs. of tomatoes—as much Vitamin B as in 486 lbs. of spinach.

There are 9 of the 12 essential minerals in Vikelp. And as all these precious Minerals and Vitamins get into your system they gradually re-nourish it. You begin to build up. Nerves steady. Tiredness turns into energy. You have found the way back to new health and strength.

IMPORTANT! The Purchase Tax means you pay a little more for VIKELP. It helps in the National effort. But we have tried to help YOU by giving you 10% MORE tablets.

FREE! Send postcard for FREE booklet crammed full with vital information "How to Gain New Health, Energy and Strength". Write to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. JB15 122/124, Baker St., London, W.1.

DON'T LEAVE YOUR

LUNGS IN PERIL

EVERY time you cough you are being warned of danger in your lungs. Every time you cough you are actually trying to get rid of germ-laden phlegm and mucus which is clogging up air passages and spreading trouble in your breathing organs.

Get rid of the danger NOW! Don't wait for damp winter and chilly foggy days to make matters worse. Take **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** This unfailing remedy relieves like lightning. The coughing stops. You breathe easily. Your chest and lungs have new freedom. In fact this famous family remedy is so beneficial that it carries this unchallengeable guarantee:—

Get your bottle of **VENOS** *Lightning* **COUGH CURE.** Take as directed. If you are not satisfied with results, return empty carton to Veno Drug Co. Ltd., Manchester, and your money will be refunded in full. 1.5 & 3.5 per bottle. *(Including Purchase Tax.)*

BLADDER COMFORT

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Bladder irritation is more troublesome *when* it disturbs one's sleep. You need the mild, soothing antiseptic provided in "SHADFORTER'S" (Shadforth brand Bladder Comforters). They act like a charm. They are prescribed for chill on bladder and kidneys, burning, cystitis, prostatitis, leg pains, rheumatism, sciatica, etc. Don't worry yourself into a nervous wreck. Get immediate relief and comfort with this proved remedy. Prices (including tax) 10½d. (trial size), 1/6, 2/10 and 5/- (either by post or from your nearest chemist).

—FREE TRIAL OFFER (by Post only)—

For a limited period only we will send readers of this paper TWO Trial Size Packets for the price of one, who have not had them before. If after trying one you are not completely satisfied, return the other unopened and your money will be refunded in full. Send 10½d. to-day with this coupon, asking for "SHADFORTER," to:—SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE LTD. (Dept. J.B.457), 48, King William Street, London, E.C.4.

"How much this week Jim?"

Husband: Not bad. You can get yourself a real good spring rig-out.

Wife: Not this year, Jim. Last year's things will do all right.

Husband: What about something for the house, then?

Wife: I feel we ought to put the money into Savings Certificates or the Savings Bank.

Husband: But I *am* putting ten bob a week into the Savings Group at the Works. Isn't that enough?

Wife: It would be enough if we couldn't afford more, Jim.

Husband: What's the point of making it more?

Wife: Two points, Jim! First, we've got to do our bit to win the war. The only way is by lending every penny we can to the Country. The second point is — the more we save now, the better off we'll be when the war is over.

Husband: But is there any need to stint ourselves in the meantime?

Wife: What's the sense of putting more clothes on our backs or more things into the front room just now? The money will do more good if it's lent to the country.

Husband: You've won! From now on *all* our extra money goes into War Savings!

Save regularly week by week. *Go to a Post Office or your Bank or Stockbroker and put your money into 3% Savings Bonds 1955-1965, 2½% National War Bonds 1946-48, or 3% Defence Bonds; or buy Savings Certificates; or deposit your savings in the Post Office or Trustee Savings Banks. Join a Savings Group and make others join with you.*

Issued by The National Savings Committee, London

NO WONDER

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INDIGESTION

THE quickest way to get rid of your Indigestion is to start taking **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder AT ONCE.** This wonderful remedy neutralises the pain-causing acid! . . . protects and soothes the inflamed stomach lining! . . . speeds up the process of digestion! . . . enables the ulcerated surfaces to heal! . . . sweetens the whole of the digestive track!

NO WONDER you get instant relief!

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NO WONDER sufferers from all over the country constantly write enthusiastic letters of praise!

NO WONDER this combination of remedial ingredients has revolutionised the whole treatment of stomach troubles!

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INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
ACIDITY
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PALPITATION

"I have suffered appallingly from Acidity" says J.R.S., of London. "Having found relief from **MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder** I have no hesitation in testifying to its efficacy."

NO WONDER Doctors, Specialists, Hospitals and medical authorities everywhere approve of and use it!

From all Chemists. Price 1/5, 2/3, 5/7½. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. tins or in bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if this signature appears on carton, bottle or tin.

Alex. C. Maclean

Why a Woman Should Take a Twofold Laxative

A woman is built differently from a man. Some medicines are all right for both sexes, but most women need a laxative which tones up the liver as well.

And there is one known by chemists as Karmoid. Karmoid has the twofold action every woman needs. Its first purpose is gently to clear away the impurities and poisonous wastes which clog the blood, spoil the complexion and ruin health. Its second, to tone up and stimulate the liver to do its essential work.

You will be surprised at the wonderful effect of the combined action. One little pleasant-tasting Karmoid Tablet at night will help any woman to face the day's work and anxiety with a light heart, cheerful, bright and full of spirits all the time.

Get a box of Karmoid at your chemist. Only 1/3 a box or Family size 3/-. Get some now before you forget.

BEWARE NUMB FEET

—forerunner of Chilblains, Coughs, Colds and Rheumatism.

When you are chilled all over by feet like blocks of ice—beware! Don't stand the misery—end the danger—a day longer. Cold, numbed feet are a sure sign that your vitality is low, your circulation sluggish. You cannot get warm. That's when winter ills get you.

The way to keep feet warm is to keep your blood moving. Bad circulation is the root of the trouble. That's why chilblains come. Put Simpson Iodine Socks in your shoes and feel the comfort—in 3 minutes! In contact with your feet Simpson Socks give off Iodine vapour. Through the pores of your foot it enters your blood stream, stimulates circulation and keeps feet toasty warm, sitting or standing, day or night.

Genuine Simpson Brand Socks (see you get them) cost only 1/9, inc. Purchase Tax, from chemists. If difficulty, post free on receipt of price from J. W. Simpson (Chemist), Ltd. (Dept. X.10), Bartlett's Passage, Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4. Would you like a Free Laboratory Sample of a New Foot Bath Powder containing actual Seaweed? Just send a postcard.

The Girls Chase my Husband..

By HUMANIST

WE are constantly being warned against meeting troubles half-way, but some of my readers create troubles that do not exist.

The jealous man or woman is always doing this without a shred of evidence, and life is made intolerable for all concerned.

The woman reader whose letter I quote here is living in constant fear that her husband may be unfaithful.

"I am twenty-eight," she explains, "and considered pretty. Please don't think me vain—I am far from that.

"We have three children.

"My husband is working in a factory that has a reputation for 'carrying-on,' and homes that once were happy have been disrupted.

On a Night-shift

"Not long ago my husband went to work on a night-shift (as I thought), but he came home in the early morning the worse for drink. He said he had been in a public-house near the works till closing time, then had to walk seven miles home.

"When I asked who was with him, I was told to mind my own business. I suffered agonies, picturing him with some other girl in his arms.

"I started working in the same factory myself, and, strange to say, my husband asked for me to be transferred to his section.

"Certain girls made a dead hit for him, but he showed openly that he cared for me, and seemed proud to show me off to his workmates.

"Now I have got regular day-work because of the children, but my mind is tormented wondering whether my husband will fall.

"I know he loves me and the family. I love him so much, and soon he will be in the R.A.F. I do want to have only happy memories after he has gone away.

"But these doubts are poisoning my life.

"I loathe intrigues and 'affairs.'"

This reader is worrying unnecessarily.

Her husband's behaviour gives the lie to any idea of his "carrying on."

He undoubtedly loves her, so why should he waste his time and money on other women?

If she were a depressing companion—a nagger or a slattern—one could not be surprised at his seeking other company.

Almost any man may go wrong. So may almost any woman. We are all flesh and blood.

"My husband went to work on a night shift (as I thought). . . . I suffered agonies, picturing him with some other girl in his arms"

Any wife may suspect a husband who is away from home, but it is foolish to do so without any tangible reason.

Married people cannot watch each other all day.

We have to be loyal, and to expect loyalty in return. Horrid doubts should be driven away.

Mutual faith is essential for peace of mind.

Some time ago a woman wrote to tell me she always suspects the worst when her husband brings a present!

If all women's minds worked like that, there would be no more presents.

Failed Her Again

More serious is the problem of a woman reader whose husband confesses unfaithfulness.

It happened the first time during the months before the first child was born.

"What could I do?" she asks. "Nobody wanted me. I was unable to work.

"I have always been a good wife, looked after my home, and kept out of debt. I have always been there when my husband came home from work, and I have waited on him hand and foot.

"After twenty years he has failed me again. He begs me to forgive him again as I did the first time.

"He is not a bad husband.

"He claims that there has never been any thought of love; that I am the only one he cares for.

"I find it hard to believe.

"We are supposed to be a Darby-and-Joan couple to the outside world.

"We are both getting on now.

"Our children are all married."

The writer cannot believe that the man did not love the other women. But I can.

I don't suppose love was ever in his thoughts.

He was probably tempted and fell. It was a lapse, like getting drunk or taking drugs.

In my opinion, these "affairs," detestable as they are, were nothing more than episodes in a life that was probably monotonous.

Some people argue that men are polygamous by nature, but this applies to few.

Scores of men who have gone "off the rails" would tell the truth if they said they were bored or lonely.

The wife might divorce her husband, but if she can forgive him once more I advise her to do so. It seems a pity that "Darby-and-Joan" should separate after rearing a family.

If we could only understand, we should be ready to forgive.

A Form of Lying

Many a man poses as "a bit of a devil," but he knows in his heart that he is merely weak.

The pretence that he is a devil does not damage his self-respect quite so much!

And the man who brags about his "conquests" to other men is generally a liar.

This reminds me of another letter from a man who is concerned about his wife's habit of telling "fibs."

"I could understand it," he says, "if there were any need for it. Were I mean about money, I could understand why she should lie about the cost of a new hat.

"But she seems to derive some kind of pleasure from 'fibbing.' When she has been to a dance I hear that she has been a great success, and when she has sung at a concert she tells me that the audience 'simply wouldn't stop clapping.'

"I should be delighted if this were true, but she dances only tolerably well, and her singing is good without being exceptional.

"Almost everything she does (when I am not there) is a terrific success, but I wish she would not exaggerate.

"When I mildly reprove her she looks so hurt and crestfallen."

This woman is doing what young children do, indulging in daydreams.

This is her method of consoling herself for failure.

It is rather pathetic.

The husband realises that he has to deduct about fifty per cent. from her stories to arrive at the truth, and no great harm is done by these efforts at self-glorification.

There are no children at present, but it is to be hoped they will come. Nothing brings a woman to a sense of reality like the care of a family.

They will be exceptionally wonderful children, but so they should be.

Every good mother knows that her own children are the best in the world.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbagful of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page. (without of course mentioning your name).

DEMOCRACY

BRITAIN is standing up to it! You hear that everywhere she's facing the fiercest onslaughts on sea and in the air, she's ready for all emergencies for Invasion's supposed Surprise, on land, and underneath the sea and descending from the skies.

BRITAIN is standing up to it, ignoring the War of Nerves, for besides her fighting power, she's got endless rich reserves, of courage and deep tradition, of endurance, and common grit, and honest-to-goodness Faith in God and common earth-rooted Wit.

BRITAIN is standing up to it! Her cities are unbowed her ports are scarred and battered, but their pitted streets are proud, to behold the Blood of Freedom coursing through England's veins, which are made of the Stuff of Sacrifice which stands incalculable strains.

BRITAIN is standing up to it, as she's always stood before, foursquare to Invasion upon her sea-girt shore, ready for the Infester, whose Avalanche of Fire may plough her lands with destruction and burn down every spire, may strew her seas with shattered ships, but whose going down will leave A DEEPER BADGE OF GLORY ON ENGLAND'S ANCIENT SLEEVE.

BRITAIN IS STANDING UP TO IT, as stand she will for aye, and all those who invade her will ONLY IN DEATH STAY, for unless a Nation fights for right her people cannot succeed; that's why those folk who stand for Right to fight us have no need. And so with ever-rising Faith and a boundless Certainty, BRITAIN IS STANDING UP TO WIN THIS WAR FOR DEMOCRACY.

J. M.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

PEGGY'S father, a corporal in the Royal Army Ordnance Corps, was hurrying home on his motor-bicycle to spend the evening with his wife and family when he crashed.

For twelve days he lay in hospital, suffering from the effect of concussion. Then he fell victim to meningitis, which left him virtually blind in one eye, and without the use of his left arm and leg.

This family now has to exist on £2 4s. a week, of which 10s. is spent on the rent of the two rooms in which they live, 4s. 6d. on special food for the baby.

JOHN BULL has been assured by the local Justice of the Peace that any assistance given to this ex-soldier's family will be used to the full.

So please help.

Donations, earmarked "Ex-Corporal," should be sent to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

We are grateful to those who contribute anonymously.

The Last Laugh

C. N. (Haslemere)—"The other day I saw a film in which men were reduced to the size of puppets by a mad scientist." There are wives like that, too.

D. N. (Clacton).—"When I was a small boy I was never sent upstairs to bed for being naughty." You lived in a bungalow?

F. F. (Dunoon).—"Germans are punished for listening to B.B.C. programmes." In this country there is no punishment for listening to B.B.C. programmes—at least no other punishment.

C. B. (Aylesbury).—"I found an unemployed man wandering about in my timber yard." Well, that's one of the best places to look for a new post, isn't it?

S. L. (Mayfair).—"I paid nearly a thousand pounds for a so-called haunted house, but up to now I have not seen any signs of getting my money's worth." You mean there's not a ghost of a chance of a chance of a ghost.

K. M. (Goole).—"I hit the wall with the front wheel of my bike, turned a couple of somersaults and landed on my feet in the field." Wouldn't it have been better to have tried to find a gate?

D. H. (Etchingham).—"Believe me, I hung on for dear life." There doesn't seem any other sort of life nowadays.

F. C. (St. Albans).—"The other day I ate some herrings I had cured myself and suffered for it." They must have had a relapse.

B. C. N. (Luton).—"I'm a very old man and can remember many things the present generation never heard of." You can probably remember the days when a man would ask the boss for a rise?

F. Y. (Bursiem).—"A really expert burglar can break into anything without making a noise." What about song?

Mrs. D. (Malvern).—"My husband is always falling for pretty girls, so I don't very much like the idea of him joining the Army." But it would be riskier still if he joined the R.A.F., wouldn't it?

E. N. (Luton).—"Women don't jump to conclusions like they used to do." Do you mean to say that they actually read right through the first chapter without first peeping at the end of the book?

F. N. (Tamworth).—"The call of the wild appeals to me." Personally, we do not like bad-tempered play at bridge.

W. B. (Montrose).—"I don't object to my girl's young man drinking my whisky and smoking my cigarettes, but there are other things that make me dislike him intensely." Such as taking home your morning papers when he leaves the house?

B. A. A. (Ossett).—"I told my wife that cooking was most definitely *her* work." And woman's work is never done!

A. D. (Soham).—"I'm a believer in college education—it develops a polish. Don't you agree?" We agree; but sometimes the polish seems to show mostly on the shoes and on the hair.

W. R. (Burton-on-Trent).—"Last year I had a terrible row with an income-tax collector." But we suppose he remained calm and collected?

B. L. (Halifax).—"Could Hitler possibly say a single word that we could accept as truth?" Yes: 'guilty.'

G. J. (Farnham).—"Believe it or not, though my salary is a very good one, it is not all honey working for a firm such as ours is." What do you want—jam on it?

S. McP. (Glasgow).—"My fiancée and I enjoy sitting and seeing pictures in the fire." It's cheaper than seeing them in a cinama, eh?

H. T. (Wellingborough).—"A fool and his money are soon parted." But the real puzzle is how they ever got together.

L. A. (Raunds).—"In view of ladies' fashions nowadays, whalebone doesn't appear to be of very much use." Except to whales.

B. V. (Aston).—"I enclose my photograph and would like your opinion whether my husband is likely to love me when I am old and ugly." Who says he doesn't?

J. J. (Minehead).—"I have decided to go in for poultry farming and make a lot of money. What is the chief rule to be observed?" Hatch your chickens before you begin counting them!

J. L. (Pinner).—"In view of the Government's appeal for iron, we don't quite know whether it is our duty to give up our old iron bedstead. How would you deal with the problem?" Sleep on it.

O. F. (Oxford).—"This food problem is no joke. There are some days when you can't get this and you can't get that, and I begin to wonder what the devil you can get." Hungry.

P. T. (East Coast).—"When there is a very heavy raid on we find it almost impossible to go to sleep. What would you do under those circumstances?" Stay awake.

(Side-Slips: See page 17)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

Hey! You under that rooster! Like a lift? We're goin' your way!

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT PRIVILEGE OFFER TO EVERY READER

MODERN HOME NURSING AND FIRST AID

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When We've Won—Order In New Europe.

The 20 £1 Bonuses, 100 Surprise Awards and 1,000 Merit Awards have been posted.

HOW TO WIN! Simply jot down against any of the *Examples* one or two rough ideas suggested by them. Then cut out unnecessary words until you have compressed each of these rough ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely fitted to the chosen *Example*, like the latest prize-winning *Bullets* on left.

Capture their simplicity and sparkle and YOU may well receive that £100 cheque!

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

WINSTON'S JOB
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WHAT WAR DOES
ON LIFE'S JOURNEY
ONE OF THE BEST
SMASHING THROUGH
THE AUSSIES
UNGUARDED
AT THE END OF THE ROAD
THE WORKERS
BATTER THE ITALIANS AND
HARD TO GET
BRAINS ARE NEEDED, SO
SHOWS SHE'S SENSIBLE
TO ESCAPE FROM THE TRAP
COLD STEEL
DAD'S BACK ACHES, BUT
FIGHTING THE FLAMES
HITLER'S MISTAKE
MACHINERY OF GOVERNMENT

The "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Going To The .....
Why She Didn't .....
Gave ..... Away
It's Easy To ..... But
..... For The Nazis
..... Of Love

20 BONUSES each value £5 for the 20 entrants whose sets of SIX *Bullets* on one coupon show most all-round merit.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EX.
B.
EX.
B.

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RULES 1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor emphasizes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps (Book to separate form provided must be enclosed for entry-fee. H.P.O. must be made payable to "John Bull," crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Members of H.M. Forces are privileged to submit entries at HALF-RATE entry-fee, provided coupons are personally completed and Service rank is mentioned. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible. Coupon on right—but entries on plain paper equally eligible—same rate of entry-fee.

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Have you open wounds that send you nearly mad with pain? Is your leg raw, sore, inflamed, and burning? Do you suffer from dry, scaly Eczema, or Psoriasis? Is there weeping Eczema, rawness, inflammation, or unbearable itchiness and irritation? Have you varicose veins, causing swelling, tiredness, heaviness, or pain?

SUFFER NO LONGER

There IS treatment that will quickly heal your leg. You can have a sound, healthy leg. You can have a clear, healthy skin. Stop that pain! Stop that itching. Stop that tiredness. The relief you have sought for years is here now. Grasp this great opportunity and a new vista opens out for you.—No more worry about your leg.—No more anxiety about your skin. You can get about again in comfort and with pleasure.

The treatment is specially suited to your own needs and you apply it in your own home. It has earned the blessings of thousands now happily cured. Send for full particulars to-day and learn how your bad leg or skin trouble can be conquered.

LEG ULCERATION. Its cause and cure

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons the skin and connective tissue. This quickly becomes unhealthy and breaks down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are mostly useless. Stock ointments are invariably a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity. With Varicose Veins in the leg, ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. This ulcer is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small ulcer will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. The blood clots, poor unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation and disperse the congestion is what YOU need. Write to the National Infirmary at once.

ECZEMA

The unhealthy state of the blood and defective circulation cause those maddening itchy patches of inflamed skin, those scaly eruptions on the knees and shins, the weeping raw Eczema below the knee and round the ankle. These troubles can be cleared; the itching, irritation, burning and smarting can be conquered. Have done for ever with the scales; the irritation and the annoyance of day and night dressings. New clean skin that functions naturally and healthily will be a pride and pleasure to you. To have such fine skin is just a matter of correct treatment applied successfully at home. Write to-day for particulars.

VARICOSE VEINS, PAINFUL AND SWOLLEN LEGS

Varicose Veins are Nature's warning of the onset of all kinds of leg trouble—Swelling at the ankles, heaviness like lead, pain like toothache, inflammation that burns like a fire! If neglected, Varicose Veins lead to Weeping Eczema, painful throbbing ulceration. To avoid these leg troubles and keep on your feet in comfort, you must have prompt and thorough treatment for those Varicose Veins that are troubling you, with heaviness, aching pain and swelling. Operations and injections are both ineffective and risky. You can have easy, natural treatment, which can be applied at home without risk, and will meet all your needs. Fill in the coupon and the National Infirmary will forward full and detailed information.

SKIN DISEASES

Psoriasis, one of serious forms of skin troubles, may be hereditary, may occur with puberty, may follow upon injury, exposure, shock, worry, faulty nutrition, faulty elimination, or even the change of the seasons.

Stock ointments, tablets, lotions and other so-called remedies, cannot completely conquer Psoriasis. To rely upon them is often to trifle with the health of the skin, prolong suffering, and create anxiety and despair.

To gain your desire—a lovely clear skin and a healthy scalp—you must have treatment that is specially prepared for you. There is no other way.

Under the National Infirmary system, your own treatment is specially prepared for you, to suit your individual needs. You apply the treatment in the privacy of your own home, without any interference with your work or your pleasure.

Think what a healthy skin means to you! No unsightly scale, no distressing patches of redness, no irritation, and no more embarrassing anxiety when you are at work or with your friends. With a healthy skin you can work with pleasure, you can join freely in sports, recreations, dances and social activities with your friends, you can dress with pride; you can share the freedom and happiness of holidays, a new life is opened out to you. Send for full particulars of this powerful individual Home treatment without delay.

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